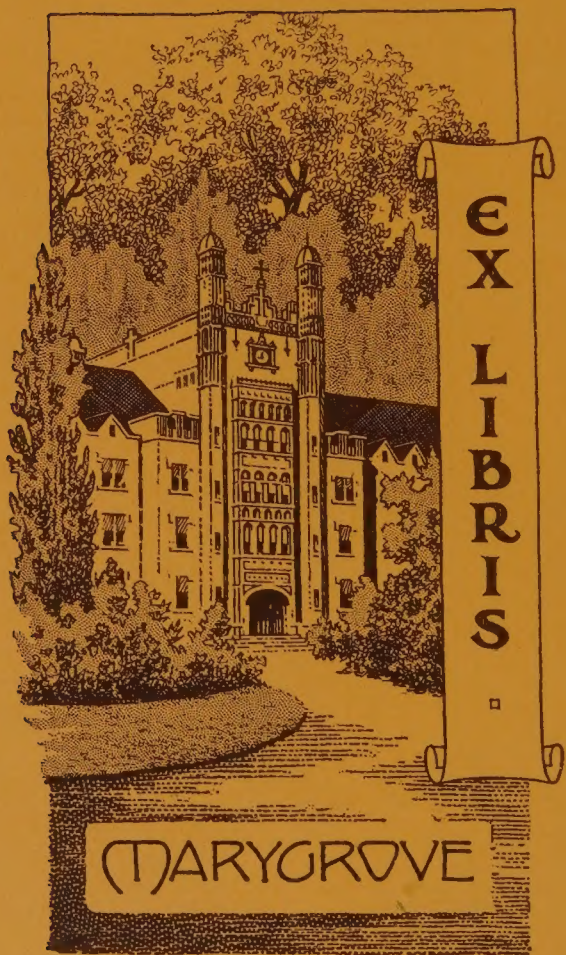


# -CHILDREN OF- ANCIENT GAUL



L. LAMPREY











# CHILDREN OF ANCIENT GAUL

**By L. Lamprey**

CHILDREN OF ANCIENT BRITAIN

CHILDREN OF ANCIENT ROME

CHILDREN OF ANCIENT GREECE

CHILDREN OF ANCIENT EGYPT

CHILDREN OF ANCIENT GAUL







The Arch-Druid moved into the open.

FRONTISPIECE. *See page 132.*



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# CHILDREN OF ANCIENT GAUL

By  
L. LAMPREY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
MARGARET FREEMAN



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*To*  
*ALICE, DELIA, LOUIS*  
*and HENRY*





## FAIRIES' SONG

A thousand thousand years ago,  
From Finistère to Monaco,  
Ere yet the Punic merchants came,  
Or burned Athene's altar flame,  
We fairy folk of ancient France  
Inlaid our land with bright romance,—  
By rain and snow, and wind and sun,  
We sealed her children every one.

*Ours were all the singing games,  
Magic spells of careful dames,  
Cradle carols, legend lore  
Of jongleur and troubadour.  
In old refrains of Druid rime,  
And roundel-dancing all in time,  
This our wisdom lives to-day,—  
For that is the fairies' way.*

Now the fays may no man see  
In woodland glade, on flowery lea.  
Our white mist-garlands drift no more  
On fountain spray or foam-wreathed shore.  
Our dancing circles lie unstirred,  
Our mystic songs no more are heard,  
And never a stone in all the land  
Marks where our watchtowers used to stand.

*Yet our wisdom and our lure  
With our people shall endure.  
Wood-carving and broidery,  
Metal craft and basketry,  
Laughter quick and insight sage,—  
This we leave as heritage.  
Thus we blessed their children all,—  
We the fays of ancient Gaul!*

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## INTRODUCTION

IN dealing with the life of ancient Gaul before the days of Cæsar, the main trouble is that there is very little real information on the subject. We do not know even what the original language of Gaul was, so thoroughly did a mixture of Gallic and Latin tongues replace it. It goes without saying that all of the tribal customs described in the present book may not have existed at exactly the same time or among tribes acquainted with one another, although it is not unlikely that most of them did. We know that from very ancient times traders passed from the Baltic to the Mediterranean and from Iberia to Italy, and where trade is, there is usually some communication. On the other hand, parts of Gaul were so mountainous and so divided by natural barriers that tribes of barbarians must have existed at a time when parts of the country were already civilized.

In no other country of Europe have so many distinct racial types been fused together through so many centuries into so distinctive a national character. As Guérard aptly says, "France has

been a melting pot for over two thousand years of recorded history, and for untold centuries before." To say that the French are a mixture of the Gauls, the Romans and the Franks is to tell but a fraction of the truth. For all we know, Slav, Tartar and Semite, as well as the Norse and Hellenic races, have contributed their share to the making of France.

When Cæsar knew Gaul, the eighty or ninety tribes in that country did not include the Greeks of the south, and did include the Netherlands and part of Germany. The Romans, in fact, seem to have lumped together all their barbaric neighbors on the north and west under the name of Gauls, whether they came over the Apennines from the German forests or across the Alps from the valley of the Rhône. Cæsar, with his usual keen insight, began his "Commentaries" by explaining that all Gauls belonged to one of three divisions, distinct in character and nationality, not merely in territory.

The peculiar history and development of the French people came about through many causes, some of which we know. The land itself is diversified by mountains and rivers, tending to the diversification of its people, and the independent existence of tribes. At the same time it is accessible on three sides by sea, and there were no natural barriers on the east to keep out



the migrating hordes who frequently overran the country from that direction. The rivers made interior highways favoring trade. Finally came the Romans with their capacity for road making, bridge building and governing. After their advent the country known as Gaul began to show some sort of unity.

But for more than a thousand years the stubborn provincial character held its own. As late as the time of Louis XIV., the "sovereign count" held jealously to his rights even against the King. Out of this long conflict and assimilation has come the France of to-day.



# **CHILDREN OF ANCIENT GAUL**





## I

### PAINTED PEBBLES

GARO and Lutin were out hunting. Both were expert hunters, although Garo was not more than ten years old, and his sister was a year younger. They had begun learning about that before they could remember. They had never been to school, and there were very few things that they had really been taught. What they knew, they had found out by trying to do what they saw other people doing. Sometimes they succeeded and sometimes they failed, but it is surprising how many interesting things are learned in this way.

They were brown, muscular, bright-eyed youngsters, and looked very much alike. They were also dressed much alike, in tunics of deer-skin with the hair on, shoes of untanned leather, with wooden soles, and a girdle of a strip of leather knotted round the waist,—handy to hang anything from, or to stick anything in. Garo wore a cap made of a three-cornered piece of leather. Lutin's thick dark hair was covered by a sort of netted cap; she had a string of beads and shells round her neck, almost as many kinds

of beads as she was years old—clay beads, queer nuts, wooden beads, stone beads, and a few shining blue and amber ones her father had brought home to her once. They were miles away from home, in the deep woods, and they had been traveling since breakfast time, but they never thought of being tired, any more than if they had been squirrels.

Among their people hunting was not thought of exactly as a sport, although it was sometimes great fun. Some fruit grew wild in their country, and small grainfields were tilled, there were a great many chestnuts and other nuts; but for the meat and fish supply, the people generally had to depend on the great out-of-doors.

This particular village was between a forest and a river—a swift river pelting downward through rocky ravines and irregular valleys. The edge of the forest, and the brooks and pools that fed the river, had been playgrounds for Garo and Lutin all their lives. Besides the big animals which were hunted by their father and the other men of the tribe, either alone or in parties, the wilderness was alive with birds and small animals that could be snared with home-made twine or knocked over with a throwing stick or a stone from a sling, or shot with bow and arrow. Lutin could set a trap quite as cleverly as her brother and handle bow and

arrow almost as well, but he could do better with the throwing stick. This was an oddly curved stick not quite two feet long, a little like an Australian boomerang. In the long-ago days, more than two thousand years ago and no one knows how much further back, when this curious little weapon was devised, everything had to be made patiently and carefully by hand, with tools that were also made by hand, out of bone, or flint, or whatever else would serve to cut or scrape. Naturally, when with a great deal of pains a throwing stick had been made out of carefully chosen wood, the hunter did not want to lose it. When some unknown weapon maker found out that by curving the stick in a certain way it would circle around when thrown and come back toward its owner, everybody wanted a stick made on that pattern. But that was long before Garo and Lutin were born. The oldest man in the village did not know any more about it than they did. A great many of the ways of their people had come down from father to son, and mother to daughter, like the shape of the throwing stick, the pattern of shoes and cloaks, the way to make string, the knowledge of plants and the wisdom of the hunters. Nobody in the tribe ever bothered to ask who found out these things in the first place or how it was done. It was enough to keep any one busy

to do what had to be done now. As Loutr  the Otter, the most skilful hunter in the village, often said, no matter how much a man may think he knows about hunting, every bird and animal has one trick left to show him. Garo knew from his own experience that this was true.

He and his sister had gone farther from home to-day than they remembered ever going before, and now they were in a quite new country. But one of the first things they had ever learned was how to find their way back to their own hut, just like dogs or cats. Of course they did not smell their way back, as a dog does. Perhaps they could not themselves have told how they did it. There were all sorts of things, big and little, which meant as much to these wild children as the sign over a shop door does to a city man. To any one strange in the forest the trees might all have looked alike, but there is really a great difference between a beech, a chestnut, a maple, a willow, a poplar and a birch, even when the leaves have fallen. Different sorts of evergreens are unlike one another, and so are the rocks. Trees of the same sort are not of the same age and shape, and the outline of a hill is not just the same when you look up at it from the foot, as it is when you have gone part way up. There was a hunting trail around the wooded hill, made ages ago by



hunters looking for the best way to the next valley. But Garo and Lutin could see by a dozen little signs, as they trotted along the narrow winding path, that it had not lately been used. Their sense of smell was as quick as their sight and hearing. When the path took them round a sudden curve they knew they were coming to a new place, even before they saw it.

However, they were not afraid to go on. They knew that the men of their village had been over here from time to time, and although other tribes lived in that direction, their villages were much farther away than this. They were friendly tribes, and sometimes, at a season of the year when the same feast was kept by all the people in that part of the country, there was some visiting back and forth.

But Garo found one thing puzzling him. "It is odd," he said, "that we have not seen any game for so long. If no one lives here and hunts the beasts they should not be so shy."

Just as he spoke, a wild hare flashed out of the underbrush and went off in long bounds toward a hole in the rocks above. Hares do not burrow like rabbits, but when there is a hole ready-made, a hare with a strange enemy after it would be a fool not to dive into that hole. The enemy was neither Garo nor Lutin; their people did not eat hares. It was a fox. Both hare and

fox had disappeared by the time the children reached the hole in the cliff. They crept in, Garo first, and there was much more room inside than they had expected. When they had crawled through a short, low passageway they found themselves in a real cave, so high that there was plenty of room in the middle to stand up straight. And what they saw there made them forget all about the hare. He had got away through some cranny in the rock wall. The cave was as still as if there were no noises whatever outside—no wind in the trees, no river voices, no sound of bird or beast.

There was so little light in the cave that it was like dusk without a spark of fire, but the eyes of the children soon accustomed themselves either to bright sunshine or half darkness, just as kittens' do. Almost at once they saw the pictures on the walls. These drawings were done in black and red; in some places white had been used. The rock had been smoothed off here and there, to make a flat place for a picture. Heaps of rubbish lay against the sides and in the corners of the cave, just as though the wind had swept dust and dry leaves and other stuff into piles. In one place it looked as if there had been a fire for cooking, or a lamp had smudged the rock. But there was nothing in the way of furniture, and nothing that looked as if any one

had been there for a long time—for years. Only the pictures looked alive.

Garo and Lutin had never seen anything the least like them. They stood and stared and stared, without saying anything. Presently they moved slowly from one part of the cave to another, looking at each picture in turn. At the back of the cave the wall was so low that they had to crouch down and clear away some old moss and rushes to see the drawings at all.

There were pictures of animals and of people. Some of the animals they knew, but there were more that they did not. There was a wolf skulking along, just as Garo had seen one getting ready to spring, when his father's arrow killed it. There was a deer with head thrown back, pursued by a hunter; there was a bear, not exactly like the bears they knew about, but a bear nevertheless. The hunter was not just like the men of their people; he did not carry a bow, and the spear he was raising to throw was not just like the one they had seen their father making only the day before. This hunter wore a coat of some kind of curly fur, not like that of any animal they had ever seen. One animal was like a wild hog, but it had woolly fur and not bristles, and there was a horn sticking straight up from the end of its nose. Another was not in the least like anything they ever had

seen or heard of. It was a big animal,—twice as tall as the man in the picture—it had a shaggy hide and a long slender snout, and two great curved tusks, half as long as its body, shaped like the horns of the mountain goat. Perhaps it was a ghost-animal, the kind that only the very wise men could see,—and they only saw them in dreams.

Crawling round toward the front of the cave again, they rose to their knees, and saw another animal they knew. They had never seen one, but on one never-to-be-forgotten day all the hunters of the tribe had gone out to hunt the big beast, and when they came back, singing and shouting, they brought enough meat for a great supper and many days' good eating thereafter. The story of that hunt had been told over and over again until every child in the village knew it by heart and could imagine just how the fight had been won. This animal, so wonderfully drawn in red paint on the rock wall that he seemed about to paw the earth, was a huge-shouldered shaggy wild bull, with curving wicked horns and slender legs and feet.

“Uur-ohso!” said Garo and Lutin together, meaning “wild ox.” The village owned some cattle, but they were small, white, shaggy animals, quite docile and not at all like this big wild bull. He could not be tamed. One of the



old hunters said that the thing had been tried, once with a young bull crippled in some way, that had been taken alive, and once with a young calf; but the creature was a wild beast, of a different race from their cattle. He looked it. He was a bison—cousin to the great herds that once roamed the plains of America. Later, he was called aurochs, and sometimes urus, according to the country where he was found. But the people of Garo and Lutin thought of him as Uur—the great wild creature.

“I wonder what people made these pictures?” said Lutin at last, in a small, wondering voice.

“Whoever they were,” said Garo, “they must have been clever hunters. I wonder where all the animals have gone?”

“Do you suppose,” said Lutin, her eyes getting big and round, “that that big one with the long curved snout and long curved tusks lives in this valley?”

“No!” said Garo. “Father and the other men have been over this way hunting, many and many a time, and they never said a word about such an animal. I think he is a ghost-animal, and not anything real.”

But Lutin did not like the idea of even a ghost-animal, whom nobody saw but the wise men of the tribe, being as big as that picture of the long-ago mammoth looked. However, when

she came to think of it, of course their men would have seen him if he had been anywhere about.

"Perhaps this is the edge of the country where Uur-ohso lives," said Garo. "If I could be up in a tree when he came under it I would shoot an arrow right through his heart and kill him."

He stood looking at the cave picture, knitting his dark brows and thinking how this could be done. There was one particular place at which the arrow must be pointed, and the spear of the hunter in the picture was aimed exactly at it. Certainly the man who drew that picture knew all about hunting.

Lutin was poking about in the rubbish they had cleared away from the back wall. "Oh, come here," she cried excitedly. "Here are spearheads, and fishhooks, and harpoons, like those in the pictures!"

Garo turned quickly and began clawing things out of the dried grass and leaves. There were arrowheads and spearheads of carved bone and chipped flint, harpoon heads with backward-pointing barbs, bone fishhooks, some of them broken but others perfect, shells pierced to be strung on a thread, scattered beads, and a stick or wand, or baton, with a picture of the strange tusked beast engraved on it. But Lutin had



found something which interested her even more—a painted pebble.

It was a smooth, pretty stone, oval rather than round, flat like a spindle whorl, but not a spindle whorl. On one side a pattern was drawn



in red paint. Presently she found more pebbles, all painted, in different patterns. There were no holes bored in them, so that they could not have been meant to be hung as charms on a necklace, and they were not large enough for cooking stones or for any other use that she could think of. The design that was drawn on

the first pebble was not a picture; it did not look like anything she had ever seen. Neither did the patterns on the others—much. One might possibly have been a wooden anchor and another a snake. But the painting had been done very carefully. There was even some paint left in a hollowed-out stone—red stuff like that used for the pictures on the wall. The drawing seemed to have been done with a small brush or the end of the finger.

Lutin sat back on her heels and looked at the painted pebbles. She wanted to take them home. She was not sure that it would be safe. Perhaps they were charm-stones left by the people who used to live in the cave. And no one knew who these people were.

Lutin and Garo had a great respect for magic. Everybody had, in those far-away times, even the civilized people who lived in cities, of whom Garo and Lutin knew nothing. In a world all unknown except the place in which one lived, it seemed safer to keep to the words and sayings, the customs and signs, the magic songs and the wisdom of one's own wise men. No one had ever told Lutin this, but some things do not need to be told. She laid the painted pebbles, one by one, back in a row on the floor, under the picture of the strange deer.

“The people who made these,” she said, “were

not like us," and she looked at them lying all in a row.

Garó put down, one by one, the spearheads, harpoon heads, fishhooks and arrowheads of flint and bone, under the picture of the wild ox.

"The people who made these," he said, "were different from our people. The spearheads Father makes have a knob to hold the leather thong that ties the head to the shaft. The fishhooks and harpoons Loutré makes are better than these. Perhaps the people who used to live here left these things hidden to use when they came back. Perhaps the pebbles are charmstones to guard them."

Lutin got to her feet all in one motion like a little cat. Garó was already standing.

"Let us go home," she said. "We have gone far enough."

## II

### THE WALKER OF THE CAVES

ON the way back, Lutin caught sight of a patch of tall grass which she knew from experience was the right kind to twist into string. There were so many uses for string, in a primitive household, that a find of this sort was good fortune indeed. She and Garo cut as much as she could carry and bound it into a sheaf which would hang easily on her shoulders. Garo had a netting bag full of wild plums on his back. They had not given up hope of shooting something, or finding something caught in their snares when they should near home.

They had just regained the trail when Garo caught sight of a long spear lying half-hidden in the brushwood. Here was a real treasure! He pounced on it and ran back to show it to Lutin. It was as tall as he was and rather heavy, but it was a spear, strong, well made and with the bone blade carefully shaped by some one that knew how. He was still admiring it as they trotted down the hill. Then Lutin gave a scream and began to run. Garo glanced behind him and raced after her. A big animal



of some kind was crashing through the bushes, and the quicker they made for the trees the better for them. But even then Garo did not let go of the spear. When Lutin had scrambled into the lower branches of the first big tree they



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came to, he handed the spear up to her before climbing to safety himself.

It was all a matter of less than a minute, and well it was for the children that they were so quick of foot and so used to climbing. The beast that was after them was like nothing they had ever seen in their lives. It was the terrible cave hyena, with jaws that could crack the bone

of an ox, and a snout that could dig deep holes in the earth, and a stomach that was never really full. It was lucky for them that there was a big tree so near, but as a matter of fact they never went far from trees. Their people were of the forest and hill and river valley, not of the great plains.

The hyena went prowling around and around the tree, and gazing up at them. Garo recovered his breath and began to wonder what they were going to do. They were safe where they were, he could see that; the beast was not of the climbing kind; but how long would he stay there at the foot of the tree? Garo wished he were a full-grown man with that spear in his hand; he would not be afraid to face the hyena on the ground. He knew now what it was. The last of the breed in their neighborhood had been killed when he was just old enough to use a bow and arrow. One of the men of the village was badly wounded in the fight.

This was the reason why there was no game within miles of the caves in the cliff. The one they had visited was not big enough for the hyena to get into it, but he doubtless had one of his own not far away.

"We are all right here," he said bravely. "If we do not come home to-night Father and Loutré and the rest will follow our track and



find us. It is lucky he did not smell us out when we were in the cave; they might not have looked for us there."

Both the children knew that they could sleep in the tree if they had to. It cannot be said that Lutin looked with any degree of pleasure at the idea of spending the night up there in the woods, miles away from any sort of human being; but after that first warning shriek, she had not said a word or made a sound. She settled herself in the crook of a bough, took off her bundle of grass and hung it on another branch and pulling some stalks out of it began to twist string for a net. She felt as if she should be less frightened if she did something she could do easily. Garo hung his netful of wild plums in a safe place and began examining the spear again. The hyena below kept up his pacing back and forth, and now and then he looked up at them.

No arrow that they could send would pierce that thick shaggy hide, but maybe they could plait rope for some kind of a snare. Garo had seen his father make a snare that would hold a deer. He reached out for some of the grass and began to make twine too.

Further into the woods, another pair of eyes was watching the two children in the tree. A boy was sitting astride of a low bough, just out

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of reach of the hyena, his brown skin and brown tunic so nearly the color of the bark that one would not see him without looking rather sharply. He was four or five years older than Garo, at least, and broader shouldered, shaggier, stronger looking altogether. The hyena knew he was there; had known it for several hours. It was not the first time the two had met, by any means. But it was the first time that either of them had seen any other human beings in this neighborhood of the caves.

After awhile the boy pulled a small bone flute out of the inside of his tunic, where it was held by a leather thong around his neck, and blew a single soft note on it. Garo jumped, and peered round the tree trunk.

"Allo!" he called.

"Allo!" said the strange boy. His voice and way of speaking were not quite like those of Garo's people, but what he said could be understood. "How did you come here?" he asked coolly.

"We came hunting. We have never been so far," explained Garo, scrambling round where he could see the stranger. "Who are you?"

"I am no man's son. They called me Brosso in the village where I stayed last. I did not like that village, and ran away. I found these caves and stayed. I did not know then that

the Walker of the Caves had eaten up all he could find within his reach. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know," said Garo. "I thought—perhaps—we could make a snare."

Brosso laughed. "He would break any rope you could twist, like a stem of grass. I wish I had my spear. I would try what that would do."

Garo's heart gave a leap. "Where did you leave the spear?" he asked.

"I did not leave it. The leather thong broke when the beast chased me, and it dropped somewhere in the bushes. He was at my heels. I can go away, leaping and swinging from tree to tree, but I want to get the spear."

Garo held up the spear he had found. "Is this it?"

Brosso shouted. "Mine, the very one I lost. Now, how to get it?" He measured the distance with his eye. Too far to throw it,—there were branches in the way. He had a mind to drop to earth and take a chance, but then, if he should be caught, they would all be lost. He and these quick-witted, daring youngsters might be able to plan a better way.

Garo was thinking hard. He remembered how his father sent a rope across the river once, when it was in flood. Loutré, on the other side,

came across on it where it was stretched from tree to tree, high over the water, holding by his hands. He began to string his small bow.

Both he and Lutin had fishing lines in their belt pouches. He knotted them together; he tied to the end of the united length of the lines the string Lutin had just been making.

"It will reach from this tree to yours," he said. "The spear is so heavy I cannot throw it, but I can tie string to the arrow and shoot it at you. Then the spear can be pulled over by the line."

Brosso knit his heavy brows. "I see," he said. "No, that won't do—the beast will maybe get it in his jaws and gnaw it in two. Wait a little." Garo had his arrow on the string. But he too saw that if Brosso caught the arrow and drew the spear across, it would fall to the ground and drag. He remembered something else—of a netful of fish being slid across the river on a rope, after Loutr  crossed. He gave a shout of delight.

"I know! I know!" he shrilled, and began climbing further up the tree. He tied one end of his long string securely to a branch; he tied the other to his arrow. Then, taking careful aim, he shot at a point in the trunk about a foot above Brosso's head. The big boy ducked, but the arrow went true to the mark and stuck

there quivering. Brosso reached up and pulled it out. The string now sloped from Garo to him. They had both forgotten all about the hyena, who was pacing between the two trees and watching them in angry bewilderment.

Garo made a loop in a leather thong bound to the handle of the spear, with the string running through the loop, and let it go. It went like a flash right into Brosso's hand. Both boys yelled in triumph.

Now began some daring byplay on Brosso's part to draw the hyena within striking distance. The big beast was ravenous, and he did not know that a boy with a spear was different from a boy unarmed. Within a few minutes he was snarling and trying to reach Brosso. The big strong lad, watching his chance, struck with all his might and drove the spearhead into the shaggy shoulders.

It was not quite a death wound, but it disabled the hyena. He could not get free from the weapon, and watching his chance again, Brosso got in a deathblow with his knife. The Walker of the Caves was dead.

Garo shouted and danced and sang for joy, and Lutin gazed with wide-open, wondering eyes upon the great fierce brute, looking bigger than ever as he lay stretched out on the ground. But it was getting late, and unless the children



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set out for home at once they would not reach the village before dark. Brosso and his spear went with them a part of the way, but the big boy would not come within sight of the village. He said that perhaps he would, some day.

The children did not know it,—he did not know it himself—but the broad-shouldered, grim-jawed lad who had grown up almost alone in the forest was one of the last of the Cave People, the long-ago tribes who tamed the reindeer, hunted the mammoth and killed the great wild ox in the very land where other tribes lived now, in villages of huts surrounded by an earth wall. His big muscles, his broad chest, his daring and his cunning—for he had escaped the Walker of the Caves not once but many times before he was strong enough to do what he had done to-day—were those of that ancient race who had no weapons but flints and bone and horn. The very spear he used, the shaft made by himself, the blade found in the caves, was like those with which his people ages ago killed beasts bigger and fiercer than the hyena. Perhaps the very blade had been wet with the blood of the enormous shaggy elephant whose picture was on the cave wall. But of all this, neither he, nor Garo, nor Lutin, nor anybody then alive, knew anything at all.



### III

#### THE TREE THAT WAS CROWNED

WHEN Brosso went back to the cave, far up the hillside, in which he had lived since he ran away from the village, he had more to think about than he had ever had before. He had killed his old enemy at last. He had made two friends. Now he need not, perhaps, hide away when he saw hunters coming from the direction of their village. He had always been in the habit of doing this, because in his experience, people who lived in a village were not friendly to outsiders. Their weapons were better than his, and there were many of them, and only one of him. This was why, although hunters had come that way once or twice a year and sometimes oftener, they had not heard anything about the Walker of the Caves. As a rule the cave hyena did not come out much in the daytime, and the game had grown to be so scarce in his neighborhood that there were few trails to be followed. Now it would be different. Brosso could feed himself very well without either driving the wild things entirely away or killing them off. He never killed except when

he was in need of food, or now and then in the cold weather, when he could store meat that would keep. He knew how to dry strips of wild pig or deer meat in the sun, or by a fire, so that it would be good for quite a long time.

His father had been a hunter like himself, one of a little group of people who all spoke and lived alike, and lived up among the hills in caves. There was a story among the old people that once their forefathers had owned all this country and game was big and plentiful. But they never had lived in villages like the valley people. Each household had its own cave and lived to itself. This made it necessary to scatter rather widely if there were not enough caves to go around.

These people made weapons of flint, and of bone or horn when they could get the right kind. Their weapons were of much the same pattern as those which Brosso found in some of these caves. Some of them were better than any he could make. Many were decorated with pictures and carvings which were quite new to him. But when he looked at them, and at the drawings of huge animals and men hunting them, on the walls of the cave he had first seen, he thought that the old story might be true, and his people might once have been much more great, rich and powerful than they were now.

At any rate, he liked their way of living, and he did not like being a strange boy in a village where all the people lived quite differently from his own folk.

When he was quite small, his mother being dead, his father had taken him and started northward to find a place of their own. He went in that direction because it seemed to be the only one where the land was not all occupied by villages. The rest of the cave people stayed on in the place where they had been living, although it was rather crowded. Brosso and his father traveled on, and on. One day wolves attacked their camp and his father was badly wounded before some hunters came along and drove the wolves away. The small boy was up in a tree, shouting and stabbing at the beasts with his small spear as they leaped up against the trunk. He had shot away all his arrows. The hunters laughed and said he was a plucky fellow, and carried both him and his father along to their village, where his father died a few days later. As soon as Brosso grew big enough he ran away. He had been made a sort of slave in the chief's family, and he hated that. Since then he had lived in the woods like a wild animal.

Lately, however, he had begun to think that he need not always live alone here in the caves. He knew that things might not be the same in

the villages for a grown man, and one who knew as much as he did about hunting, as they had been for him when he was a friendless boy. Perhaps all villages were not alike.

He had taken a cave with the roof partly fallen in for his own, and made a kind of fireplace there with the fallen stones. Into it he had gathered cooking pots, fishing tackle and the best of the weapons from the other caves—all but the ones that were etched and carved with pictures. He did not feel sure that there was not some kind of charm on those. He also thought there might be charms connected with the painted pebbles. He remembered that the wise old men he had known in childhood had signs rather like those painted on certain amulets they wore.

His cave was large enough to be comfortable, and to hold dry firewood and other supplies; and he could block up the entrance with stones chosen for that purpose. He could make a fire with a fire drill, and he usually banked it up when he left it, so that it could be coaxed into flame in a minute. The entrance was much too small for the cave hyena to get in, or Brosso would not have lived there very long.

To-night, after a supper of broiled meat, which tasted uncommonly good, he stretched himself out on his couch of dry moss and leaves,

covered with a wolfskin, and thought, and thought. The fire burned down to red coals, and he stretched his toes to the pleasant warmth. Through the hole in the roof he saw the stars come out and the clouds chased away by the wind. It was spring, but not late enough to make a fire at all uncomfortable. Suddenly he remembered something. The village people had a great feast in spring. He had lain out on headlands and watched them dancing and heard the faint sound of their shouting and singing on the sweet wet air. Perhaps this year he would go nearer, and see where those children lived.

He fell asleep thinking about it, and he had a dream. Dreams are very mysterious things to wild people. To see persons and animals walking about and hear them speak, when they are not really there at all, is something so strange that much wiser men than any of the priests of ancient Gaul have tried in vain to understand it. Brosso dreamed that he was in the village where Garo and Lutin lived—he had no idea how he had got there—and they came running to meet him and took him by both hands, and said that their people thought he was a god and he must come and show himself. There was a great shouting, and he saw many people running toward him—and then he woke up.

For a minute or two he could not think where



## 30 THE TREE THAT WAS CROWNED

he was. Instead of the still, dark cave, with the fire blinking at him and a sound of a wolf howling somewhere, away off in the distance, he seemed to see the valley and the hut circle, in the bright sunlight, and feel the slender hand of Lutin pulling him along to be a god. Then he knew that it was only a dream.

He went to sleep again after awhile, but in the morning he began thinking again. He seemed to remember that long ago, when he was a very little boy, he had heard some one say that dreams were sent by gods and spirits to tell men things which they should know. It was certainly not true that he was a god, but he had had other dreams which had nothing to do with the truth. The more he thought of it, however, the more he felt that he would go and see that village. The spring festival ought to take place before very long, if his memory served him well. There was the same feel in the air that there always was about that time—a restless, eager stirring that made one want to get up early in the morning and go somewhere—no matter where—far away. It had been just such a morning when his father had taken him away from the cave dwellings and gone to look for a place of their own. It was such a morning when he had slipped out, very early, and run away from the village into the forest.



In the village, that same day, Lutin and Garo and their people were thinking about Brosso quite as much as he was thinking about them. Very little was talked of but the adventure of the children with the terrible cave hyena, and their lucky escape. The older men of the tribe knew well what the danger had been. Some of them had helped in the killing of a hyena when they were boys. They said that Brosso's strength and quickness must have been most remarkable. But they could not understand how such a mighty hunter could have been living so near their hunting grounds without their ever having seen him.

Grandmother's grandmother, the oldest woman in the village, told her grandson, the father of Garo and Lutin, that in her youth something of the same sort had happened to hunters of the tribe, who had been rescued by a Spirit of the Trees. He led them to safety during a great flood, and then disappeared, and nobody ever heard of him afterward. The family had always, after that, been very careful to pay all due respect to the forest spirits and the harvest gods, and other gods of the kindly earth. It might be that knowing to whom they belonged, one of these wood gods had stepped in to save the children from the wild beast.

This did not sound so strange to the people

who listened as it would nowadays. All their feasts and ceremonies and magic were connected in one way or another with the spirits of earth and water who were supposed to inhabit the country. A man had a living spirit inside his body, on whose strength his own strength depended, and when it left his body, his body was dead. Why should not a tree, a flower, a river, a grainfield also have a living spirit?

The preparations for the spring festival were made more earnestly and carefully that year than they had been for a long time.

Garó, privately, in his own mind, doubted this idea that their rescuer had been a wood god. It seemed to him that a wood god would have been able to do the whole thing in a swift and splendid way, without help. If it had not been for him, Garó, and that happy thought of his about the arrow taking the spear over on the cord, so far as he could see, they would have sat there in the trees all night. But he was only a little fellow. In the face of all this talk and chatter, and the story of the old grandmother about the time the hunters had been saved from the flood, he began to be less sure of his own memory of the thing. The children always had a great awe of Grandmother's grandmother. She was so old and so experienced, and said so little, that when she did speak, it was like the

ancient gnarled oak tree in the edge of the forest speaking. She was very deaf, and Garo wondered if she had heard the story just as he had told it to his mother, when he and Lutin rushed in at sunset and found her standing in front of the house watching for them. She was a dark, strong, quiet woman, and said very little, but she had hugged them both very tight, first one and then the other, when she heard the story. In any case it was going to be a great feast.

It was. Lutin was chosen that year to wear a wreath of wild roses and lead the girls in their singing, and stand beside the May Tree when the people brought their offerings. The young men went into the woods and cut down a slim, tall young tree and brought it to be set up in the middle of the village. For a day or two all the girls were busy plaiting garlands of flowers and vines with which the tree was hung from top to bottom. Two large hoops of wood, crossed, with smaller hoops at the crossing, all wound with flowers, were for the top of the tree, crowning it. The mothers were all busy cooking special cakes and a kind of white custard of milk and honey, never made except for this especial feast, and honey wine was brewed to drink. Everybody was busy getting ready the offerings for the wood-spirits. Peron, the son of Mel-dune the chief, would lead the young men

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in the dance, and wear a dress of green leaves and twisted vines, like a wood god. The dance was a very old one, and very difficult; it was most important that it should be done exactly right.

The time of the festival was about the middle of May or a little earlier, although there were no calendars then. The wise men of the villages had to figure out when the day came by the changes of the moon and the movements of the stars, and very few of the people in the village had any idea how they did it. Gysa, the wise man, often sat up for hours watching the stars, and knew them all, as a man knows the sheep in his flock. When he gave out the day of the feast, it was the same day on which villages for miles and miles around, all over that part of the country, were doing exactly the same things, in honor of the wood gods.

At dawn the people were all astir, and the maidens went out to bathe their faces and hands and arms and pretty, slim feet and ankles in the heavy dew. The sun shone brightly, and everybody was happy and excited. It was believed that when everything went well at this festival, the grain crop would be good and wild fruit plentiful during the whole summer. Never had the dancing been so spirited; never had the wooden pipes and flutes made music so sweetly,

never had the singing been so clear and true. Gysa, watching where he sat in his holiday mantle, near the chief and the fathers of families, nodded contentedly. The luck would be good.

After the songs and dancing, while the feasting was going on, Garo happened to look away toward the forest, and saw coming out of the shadows a tall figure. Something about it seemed familiar. He stood up and watched. Lutin caught sight of him, watching, and looked too. In a minute or so they both knew who it was. It was Brosso.

They forgot all about the discussion over the question of his being a god, and ran to meet him. He seemed to be doubtful whether or not to come farther. Of course, if he were one of the wood gods, it would have been proper for the chief and Gysa and some of the other men to go out to meet him and pay him all due homage, perhaps offer a sacrifice to him; but Garo did not think about that. He had never seen a wood god arrive in the village and had no idea of the suitable way to receive one. He simply caught Lutin by the hand and raced as hard as feet could go toward the big, shaggy-haired forest youth who stood in the shadow of the oaks, watching the people making merry.

Perhaps it was just as well. If Brosso had seen the chief men coming toward him with



their staves of office in their hands, looking stern and dignified, he would have been sure they were going to tell him to take himself off, or were about to seize him and make a slave of him to cut wood and carry water and dig fields. It is more than likely that he would have given one leap toward a long lower bough, swung himself into an oak and gone off faster than any one could follow, from one tree to another, hidden by the thick leafage of the ancient forest. He never would have come back again to find out what they really meant. But when he saw the children scampering to meet him, their slender brown hands waving and their faces so glad and bright with welcome, he stood still and looked at them with a bashful, happy grin. It was something entirely new in Brosso's life, that anybody should be glad to see him. It gave him a funny, warm, delightful feeling about his heart. For years and years and years nothing had loved him except now and then a bird or beast he had been able to tame a little. When the small hands of Lutin and Garo laid hold of him and pulled him along toward the village, he knew then that his dream was a true one and he had done well to come.

Brosso's arrival made more of a sensation, almost, than the story of the adventure had. Loutr  the hunter, and Garavon the cleverest



Garo and Lutin laid hold of him.



fisherman of the village, the father of the children, when they understood who he was, all welcomed him at once and gave him things to eat and drink such as he had never tasted. They wanted to know all about the caves, and compare notes about the country thereabouts for hunting, and they found that he knew many curious things about birds and animals which even they had not found out. The boy had had nothing to do but watch the ways of wild creatures, for years, and no one to depend on but himself. Perhaps the good food and the honey wine loosened his tongue so that he could find words to talk to them as he would not have dreamed of talking before he came to the festival. At any rate he did talk, and when they brought him to the chief he was not terrified.

Certainly no spring feast in the memory of the people had been more successful and happy than this. If Brosso was no forest spirit, he had surely brought luck to the village. Garavon told the other men that in his opinion they could not do better than make him one of themselves. He spoke their tongue; he was brave and a good fellow, and it was not his fault that he had grown up without a father and without any people of his own. He would be welcome in the hut of Garavon as long as the family had one. Garo was within hearing when his father

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said this, and told the news to Lutin with great glee. As the sun dipped behind the trees, and the cooking fires blazed up and the tall tree that had been crowned stood up against the sky, Brosso looked about him and felt that he had become a man.



## IV

### THE DARK STRANGERS

THE people of the Upper River, the people of Garo and Lutin, did not range far from home at any time. There was no especial reason why they should. Their country gave them a good living between the harvest and the hunting and fishing, and nearly everything they needed could be found, or caught, or made, in the neighborhood. The river was too swift and rough for much boat traffic, and the country was so broken by hills and rocks, and so thickly wooded, that there were no real roads, no highways fit for wagons, and no reason to haul heavy loads over them if there had been. Roads do not come into any country by themselves, and they are not made for the fun of making them. They are found wherever people in great numbers wish to get from one place to another, and have loads to carry.

Thus it happened that there were few of the people of the little town who knew anything about strange countries. Brosso, the boy of the forest, really had traveled more than many of the old men had ever done, but he could not

remember much about his journey, because he was so small when he and his father left the place of the cave dwellers and wandered through the forest. He knew very little about other kinds of people and other ways of living.

The houses of the town were all built quite near together, around an open space in which there was a well of good water. The town was surrounded by an irregular wall built up of earth, stones and tree trunks. It was very old. The first thing the first people had done, nobody quite knew how long ago, when they came to this place, was to build up a wall for a defence against wild beasts, inside which they might gather at night with their cattle and sheep and goats, and sleep safely. Little by little they had replaced the first leafy huts within this wall by houses. They went inside the town to spend the night, and went out in the morning to work in their fields, to hunt, to fish, or to get fagots for the fires. The children and the old women usually attended to the fagot gathering. In that thick forest, the branches that fell from the trees were firewood enough for any ordinary cooking, and most of the necessary heat in winter. They were gathered in bunches and tied together with a twist of grass rope, as the children brought them to Grandmother Turre, a sturdy, masterful old

dame whose strong brown fingers could do almost anything, old as she was. There was no loitering at any task when she was about.

Garro and Lutin and some other children of their kin, were busy in this way the day after a big wind, when they heard a curious noise in the distance—a tinkling, ringing noise. They were not far from a narrow footpath that led down along the river bank, and the sound came from down river. They stopped and listened. It was coming nearer.

Jingle-jingle-jink-jink—jink—jingle—jingle! It was a musical, pleasant sound, but what was making it? It was not at all like the music of any instrument heard at festival time. It was like the chink of bronze tools falling one upon the other, or a flint arrowhead clinking against a knife of bronze. Ears as keen as those of a wild fox, and accustomed to recognize noises, could easily hear that. But who would be coming up the path rattling flint against bronze, or shaking beads? When a hunter moved in the woods he moved as quietly as possible. The men did not take pains to do that when they came up from the fields all together, but they would be singing or talking if they made any sounds at all.

It seemed longer than it really was, before the strangers came in sight, round a bend in the river

path. They were dark men, darker even than the sun-tanned Gauls, they were dressed in a strange fashion, and they were riding horses. Now, horses were not used in that part of the country.

The men-folk at work in the fields had heard the strange music far off and were coming from another direction, a little earlier than they usually left off work. The women were at the doors of the houses listening, their babies in their arms. The strangers came on up the path and stopped just opposite the great wooden gates.

The chief Mel-dune seemed to know what to make of the visitors, for he stepped forward and received their greeting. They bowed low, caps in hand, and said something which he seemed to consider. The other men came up and stood still, listening. The children drew a little nearer.

They could see now what had made the curious music. The horses, four in all, sturdy, shaggy animals built for long journeys under loads, had rows of small round bells hung from their bridles of gayly painted leather—bronze bells of different sizes, which sent forth a sweet irregular jingle every time the horse moved his head. On their backs were packsaddles, and saddlebags; two of the men had been riding and the other three walking. Grandmother Turre said they were merchants.

There were no shops in that part of the coun-



try. A merchant meant a man who went from place to place, exchanging what he carried for something else that he could sell in some other place. After a little more parley, the strangers



were allowed to camp outside the walls, in a clear place near the river, where their horses could graze. They had said that they would pay for food, and the chief told the men that they were to bring whatever was needed for the supper and breakfast of the strangers.



Of course there was not much done that evening, or the next day, except what really had to be done, if the town was to eat as usual. All the boys and some of the girls and most of the men and some of the women were strolling about the merchants' camp watching what went on there. Nothing in their dress, their manners, their way of eating, or their talk with each other, was like the ways of the Gauls. They were Phœnicians from Carthage in the north of Africa, on their way to their mines in the north of France. They had gone a little aside from their usual road to see what there might be in the upper reaches of the river, where, as they could see from the behavior of the people, merchants of their sort had never been.

Along the older trading routes the sound of the bells of their pack horses would bring people to their camp as far as it could be heard, or the news could travel from one village to another. That was why the bridles were hung thick with bells whenever a Phœnician pack train set forth. Even among people hostile to strangers, the sound told whoever was within hearing that these strangers were come to trade, not to hunt or to fight. They had weapons—it would have been very unwise to travel unarmed anywhere in those days—but they seldom if ever had need to fight. There were Phœnician colonies

in places along the seacoast, usually rocky islands that could be easily defended, and with harbors to which the ships of their people could come with cargoes of trading goods. The Italians would not let them trade in their country, and the Greeks would not let them come to their seaport in the south of France; they had pushed westward into the land that is now Spain, to trade for marten skins. Shaphan was the name of the marten in their language. These little furry animals were so abundant in the mountain country toward the great western sea that they called it the land of martens, and the name finally came to be Spain.

They were clever metal workers, and knew how to make fine bronze, of tin and copper. They were always on the lookout for mines of these metals. They had found copper, tin and a little silver in northern Gaul, tin and copper in the west of Britain, and there they had colonies of miners. Their great city on the north coast of Africa was a trading city and a factory city. Their dark skins were not a sun-brown like those of the Gauls; they were a sort of dusky olive; their eyes and hair were black as night, and they were supple, quick motioned and quick spoken. They could talk the language of the Gauls as fast as anybody, although they spoke it in a very funny, blundering way. Garo

listened to the talk between the merchants and the Gauls of the town, and heard a good deal about the city from which the merchants came, what it was like, and what was done in their colonies. He saw all the things they had in their loads, spread out to show—bells like those on the horses' bridles, rings, collars, pins, combs, ornaments of all kinds, trinkets of all kinds, wine in skin bottles, bright-colored cloth, dyed or painted in gay patterns, and beads, beads, beads, no end of them, big and little, of all colors and many sorts. There were beads of silver and ivory, glass, amber, and a kind of turquoise; beads of bronze and copper and shell; necklaces of beads, bracelets of beads. Before the dark strangers left the town, every woman in it had something or other from the stores they carried. If it was not possible to buy a necklace or a scarf, a handful of glass beads would make a string of shells or nuts look like quite another ornament, when strung between the commoner things.

It also appeared, after the strangers had taken themselves and their horses and their bells and their merchandise further up the river, that there was very little left in some of the houses in the way of fine furs, deerskins, honey, grain, dried fruit, or whatever else the peddlers would take in payment for what they had to sell.

The chief had been careful, however, not to let them stay too long, and he had stopped some of the men from bartering away their weapons and hunting implements. It was no part of his plan to have his people reduced to starvation for the sake of some bright-colored cloth and foreign wine and ornaments. He knew gold from gilding, and glass beads from jade and turquoise, and he had explained the difference to his townspeople. On the whole, the town was richer for the visit of the Carthage merchants.

There was one thing, however, which interested Garo and Brosso more than anything else in the whole interesting business. They had been to the caves by themselves, after the first visit the children made there, and had brought away some of the painted pebbles. Neither Gysa nor the chief, nor Garavon, had ever seen anything like them or could say what they were for. But Garo, hovering around while one of the Carthaginians was baling up his goods, had seen on the wrapping signs not unlike the designs on the painted pebbles. They were not the same signs—the boy's sharp eyes assured him of that—but they were something like the painting on the stones—marks made with a brush, in groups and rows, not decorating anything. He asked the man what they were.

“That?” said the merchant, “that is writing.”

He had to use the word for "writing" in his own language, because he had no idea what it might be in the tongue of the Gauls.

"What is writing?" asked Garo, mystified.

The Phœnician hesitated. He saw that the boy did not know anything about written characters. It is really rather hard to explain what writing is, to any one who has never had occasion for it or seen it done.

"It is like this," he said at last, looking up from where he sat cross-legged on the ground, packing things together with deft accustomed fingers. Everything he did, he did as easily and quickly as an old woman would weave a basket out of willow twigs. "You see, all of our goods must be brought over the sea in ships. It is best to fill the ship as full as it will hold, so that we shall have much to sell in the country to which we go. I have told you what a ship is like—a great boat, bigger than a house, than two or three houses. Because of this we pack up the goods closely in bales as you see, and when the ship is unloaded, we have to know what is in each bale, so as not to have to unpack it again to find out. For this reason we mark each package with a certain sign, and all the signs are different. One sign—like this—means that there are beads of a certain kind; another—like this—means that there are pins and orna-



ments; this means colored cloth, and so on. Do you see?"

Garó thought he saw. This writing seemed to be a great invention.

It was not until after the merchants had gone that he thought of something else. Suppose a merchant were not honest, and sold a bale to another man, marked with the proper sign for silver, or amber, or something else precious, and inside there were only glass beads, then the writing could lie, just as a man's tongue could lie. There was no charm in the writing signs to make them tell the truth. Perhaps the men of Carthage were not so far ahead of the Gauls after all. Trading was a great invention, but only honest men should trade sight unseen.

## V

### THE SECRET ERRAND

WHEN the strange merchants left the little Gaulish town they took with them a follower they did not for some time see. Ever since his first visit to the people of Mel-dune Brosso had been in the neighborhood, off and on, joining in the hunting and fishing and sometimes disappearing for a month at a time. These absences were generally followed by his returning with news of a swarm of wild bees somewhere in the forest, the track of a herd of deer, or wild pig moving in some swamp miles away. He did not know anything about plowing or planting, harvesting, the mending of walls or the management of cattle and sheep, and at his age, it was not so easy to learn.

The chief had been watching him, and talked about him now and then with Loutr  and Garavon and other men whom he trusted. They knew that he had some idea in his head about the boy of the forest, but they knew also that he would not speak of it until the time came. Mel-dune had not been the leader of his people for more than a score of years without having

many resources in his own mind. Among the Gauls the chief was rather a leader than a ruler. They were a very independent and self-dependent race. Each petty chief had his own way in his own part of the country, and although they all joined together sometimes in a great feast or in a fight against some common enemy, they had no king over them, and usually had not much to do with one another. Mel-dune was known as a wise and strong man, and his advice would be asked in any common danger threatening them all, but he had no authority outside his own hunting grounds, the land along the upper river.

Brosso had been off on one of his private expeditions at the time the Phœnicians came, and he came back the night after they left. Mel-dune had sent word that he wanted to see the boy when he came back, and without waiting for supper Brosso went up to the house of the chief.

It was built like the other houses, of tree trunks with the upper end cut to a point with the adze, and set in a row upside down, the roots arching above to make a kind of framework for the roof. Pits had been dug to set the timbers in and make a deeper foundation, and the base of the walls had been banked up with earth and stones, and the inside dug out so that about a third of the room was under-

ground. There was a circle of stones around a hearth in the middle, and the smoke went up through a central hole in the cone-shaped, thatched roof. The cooking, in summer and in good weather, was usually done outside. The chief's house was larger than any of the others, but there was really not much difference otherwise. The chief had a chair with arms, and his bed or bunk, built against the wall, was covered with fine furs. When he ate and drank he had a cup of silver and dishes of silver and the best earthenware and finest wood; but his everyday life was much the same as that of the other men, and his wife kept his house as the other men's wives kept theirs.

Brosso found the chief standing just outside the door talking with Loutr  . He made an awkward bow as he had seen others do, and waited. In a moment or two Loutr   went away with his long swift step, and the chief told the boy to come inside. There was no one in the principal room, no one in the house. The women had one of their special gatherings that evening, and the children were all out in the central open space playing some game.

"Brosso," said the chief, "we have had visitors in the town."

"I saw them," said Brosso, "going along the hill path."

"They did not see you?"

"I had no affair with them."

The chief looked rather pleased.

"Brosso," he said, "I have seen that you show good will toward our people. It seems to



me, however, that you will never be likely to make a farmer, nor do you desire to become a town dweller."

That was true, and the chief was certainly a wise man if he knew what Brosso was thinking without words. The boy bowed his head.



"It is in my mind," went on the chief, "that I may trust you, as I trust my hunting dogs. They would give their lives for me, and I—" he patted the shaggy head of the father of all the hounds, old Brital, the brindled one—"I think that whoever attacks my dog here, attacks me and I will fight him. But wise as he is I cannot send him on the track of these strangers, to see where they go, and what they do. Can I send you?"

Brosso's deep-set eyes burned with sudden delight. Here was something he could do, and do as much better than the other youths as they could plant, and spade, and reap, and use tools, better than he could. "Master," he said, and meant it, "I will do whatever you say."

"The strange merchants," went on the chief deliberately, "may be seeking only trade. Their people have been traders always, so far as we know. But there is another matter about which I would get knowledge. You know how the wild hogs, and the deer, and the wild geese and ducks, and the other birds and beasts of our land, move at times without our knowing when or why they will come and go. The tribes of men move in waves like a flood, when hunger drives or desire for change makes them restless. And when they move, those against whom they move must be ready, or great trouble will come

of it. I have heard rumors that there is such a shifting of strange tribes, in the country out of which the sun rises. But either the merchants did not know of it, or they would not tell. They have no interest in wars; they take neither one side nor the other. But as they go, they may come upon news.

“Now, here is what is in my mind. Follow you on their track, and watch where they go. After a time, when they halt in the woods to eat, come to them with a present of fish or of game; come to them as a masterless man out of the forest, and they will, I think, be glad to take you as their hunter to get them provender. Thus you may travel with them, and where they stop and trade you will hear news, if there is news to hear. Alone you could not do this. But when the people gather around their tent to buy and sell and chaffer, you will hear the gossip and say nothing. You will serve the strangers and you will serve me, and perhaps you will serve all our towns as well. I had thought of sending one of our men to do this, but it is better for you to go, because you are alone.”

The chief had judged Brosso shrewdly. He wanted a good human dog—faithful, wise and tireless. In Brosso he had got one.

Brosso started that very night, and caught

up with the merchants before the moon set. Before he set out the chief called him aside for one more word.

“Here,” he said, “are three of the painted pebbles. When you come to Dur-dune, the fort by the river, find a chance, if you can, to get a word with Dur-dune, the chief of that town. Tell him you come from me, and as a token give him one of the stones. Ask him if he has heard of a shifting of the eastern tribes, and if so, what he has heard. Leave the painted pebble with him, that he may use it if he has need to send a secret messenger to me. He will give you a token to another chief, and you will leave one of the painted pebbles with him also, and the third with another. Beyond that I think the people will be strange tribes. But these three towns are along the border over which the enemy will break if an enemy comes. When you have given away the last of the three stones, come back and tell me what you have heard and seen.”

Like many men who belong to half-wild people Mel-dune had some of the instincts of a wild animal. He acted more on his instincts than on his information, at certain times. He had what we call a feeling in his bones that something was on the way to happen. He had had that feeling once before a great flood, once before

a terribly cold, long winter, once when for some reason or other game was scarce and the crops failed, and the people were reduced to making bread of acorns, grinding and soaking them laboriously to get rid of the bitter taste, and eating small miserable beasts which they usually considered as vermin. The last time there had been a big feast at which many chiefs met he had taken the three painted pebbles Garavon had given him along in his pouch, and shown them to three chiefs on whom he knew he could depend in case of trouble. They had all said they never saw any charm-stones like them, and evidently the curious carefully drawn signs had made a great impression on them. For a man who could not make use of any written means of sending a message, he had hit on what was really a very useful device. Indeed, it was a better one than he expected it to be.

The dark strangers were very glad of Brosso's appearance with a pair of fat birds for their dinner. They gave him a share of what they had, and tried to find out where he came from, and to what tribe he belonged. But Brosso could keep a secret very well when he chose. They came to the conclusion that he was one of those stray hunters sometimes found living by themselves in the woods, either because they or their people were outcasts from some village, or

because they had never been townfolk at all. They had traveled in different parts of Gaul, and knew that a great many kinds of people made up the population, not only of the whole country but of each part of it. There were cave dwellers, who looked as if they were of the same race as this forest hunter; there were tribes that lived along rivers and tribes that lived among mountains, and in some parts of the country there were open plains. Southward, on the edge of the deep blue sea between Gaul and Africa, there was a big city founded by Greek colonists, a seaport where galleys from far cities came and traded. In that neighborhood the Greeks had settled in great numbers and intermarried with the Gauls, and Greek coins were in general use. Far to the northwest, toward the great western ocean, the Gauls were of a different sort; they lived along the seacoast and fished for sea fish. Northeast again, along the great still rivers that flowed through level wheat-country, they were of still a different sort, taller and fairer. And on the slopes of the high mountain ranges they were short and broad faced and round headed like the Asiatics. But the people in this part of Gaul were river people and hill people, and dwelt in the edges of the great forest.

Brosso had no trouble whatever in getting



leave to travel in the company of the merchants, but when they were by themselves he learned nothing, because they spoke altogether in their own language. And before they came to Durdune, the fort by the river—dune always meant fort, and Dur or Douro was a word for river—something unexpected happened.

One of the merchants, the youngest, had noticed that Brosso carried something heavy in the skin pouch that hung from his side, and that he seemed to take great care of it. Now Shaphan, this young trader, was as curious as a magpie and as crafty as a weasel, and he determined to find out what it was that the wild man guarded so carefully. He began by trying to get him to trade wallets—his own was a very handsome one of painted leather, with silver fittings. He thought that if Brosso would do that, he would have to take out whatever was in his own pouch and it could be seen. Shaphan imagined it might be a piece of ore of some kind; these savages were often fond of pretty shining stones. More than once the Phœnicians had got on the track of copper or tin or even silver by trading for something one of the natives had picked up, and then asking where he got it. But Brosso refused to trade. He was still a good deal like a wild animal in his ways. He was willing to serve these strangers

and travel with them, because that was serving the chief whose people had been kind to him, but it did not at all follow that he would tell them anything he did not choose to tell.

Shaphan tried to take Brosso off his guard and get at the pouch, but the boy slept with his hand on it, and slept as lightly as a cat. Each day the Carthaginian became more sure that it was not just a pouch in which to carry food and fishhooks. The boy was guarding some secret.

All one day he kept beside Brosso, talking to him, asking him about his gods and his beliefs and his people. Perhaps the precious object was an amulet of some kind. But Brosso did not seem to know what an amulet was. All that he knew about gods and magic and religion he had picked up in the time—little more than a year—which he had spent in the town. There was nothing in what he knew that Shaphan did not know already from his travels among the Gauls.

At last the trader determined on a bold stroke. There were five of his company and only one of Brosso, and if the boy made any trouble it would be easy enough to get rid of him. He belonged to nobody. Shaphan was as limber as a lizard and very wiry and strong for his size, although he was not quite as tall as Brosso;

and he was much better armed. Brosso had nothing but his spear—the same one with which he killed the hyena—a knife which Garavon had given him, and his bow and arrows. The knife was the only weapon that would be of any use at close quarters. Shaphan's was an excellent one, and he could use it as a lynx uses its claws, without the least warning.

They were not very far from Dur-dune, but on the other side of the river, and they would have to get across by swimming the horses and swimming themselves, not to add any weight to the loads that the animals must carry. This proceeding interested Brosso. He had never had much to do with horses, and had never seen loads ferried over a stream before. Most of the merchandise was not of a kind that water would hurt. The packs which ought to be kept dry were put on a kind of raft made of fallen boughs, and pushed across. In midstream Shaphan whipped out his knife, cut the pouch free from Brosso's belt and grabbed at it. But he had not reckoned with the strength and quickness of a boy who for years had had to be strong and quick in order to stay alive at all. A hand as wiry as an ape's gripped his and almost crushed the bones of it, and he let go of the pouch and struggled not to be drowned. Brosso's temper had flared up like lightning, and all he could

think of for a moment was that he wanted to kill this fellow like a snake.

Shaphan struggled for dear life and caught at the head of one of the horses, and the creature lashed out and hit Brosso on the forearm. The pouch dropped and went down to the bottom of the river. A minute or two later they were scrambling up the bank.

"What did you do that for?" asked Brosso, looking like a savage dog.

"Me? I did nothing," lied the trader. "I felt the current carrying me away and caught at your belt to save myself. Was it my fault that it gave way?"

Brosso felt sure that this was a lie, but how could he prove it, and what good would it do him if he did? One of the lessons he had learned very young was not to make a fuss over anything that was over and done with and could not be helped. It was just possible that Shaphan really had not meant to snatch at the pouch.

"Oh," he said after a moment's silence. "That was it?"

"Yes," said Shaphan, "that was it. I will give you a pouch in place of the one you lost." And this he did.

Brosso rather admired the pouch, but he was thinking hard about the loss of the painted pebbles. How was he going to get his talk with

the chief of Dur-dune if he had no token to show? But he was no more minded to give the matter up than a dog is to leave a trail unless his master insists on his dropping the scent.

He thought about it all the time that the merchants were pitching their camp, and getting out their goods, and having their supper. He poked about by the river side and saw pebbles there. But of course they were not painted pebbles.

The token had its value from the signs painted on the pebbles from the cave. Brosso thought of a way out.

He asked, that evening, to see the chief, and said that he had something to tell him. When he was taken to the chief's house he made his respectful, solemn, awkward bow, and told his message. The chief was a much older man than Mel-dune; he was tall and straight, with white hair and beard.

"What were the painted stones like?" he asked. "Do you remember?"

"Surely I remember," said Brosso.

"Make the signs," said the chief, picking up a bit of charcoal and handing it to Brosso, with a piece of split wood that had a flat surface.

The boy had never tried to draw before, but he drew the signs without any difficulty. The chief nodded.



“That will do,” he said. “Do you tell the other chiefs what you have told me, and show this amulet,” (he slipped a curious, carved green stone off his neck chain). “Tell Mel-dune that I thank him for his warning and will keep watch. When you come back, come and see me again.”

## VI

### THE EARTH WALL

WHEN Brosso left the traders he had learned so much about so many things, that if he had lived in a later age of the world he would have had to write it all down, and it would have made a bulky packet of notes. But like most people who have always had to depend on their own remembrance, he had a good memory. He came of a race of people who had been used to tell long chanting stories of what had happened in the past. These stories were told over and over, from father to son and from one family to another, for nobody knows how long. If those long-ago story-tellers had described their own way of living and the condition of the country, and the animals they had seen, and the songs had been handed down to the present day, we should know a great deal more about the cave dwellers of Europe than we do. But like everybody else, they described what most interested them and did not waste words on things too familiar to need description. As the centuries went on, these stories of the victory of one wild chief and his people over

another, the slaying of this man or the marriage of that, no longer seemed so interesting. The listeners had wars and marriages of their own to talk about and the songs were lost.

Fragments of some of those he had heard floated in Brosso's mind, and he had inherited the excellent memory and love of telling of things seen and done, which made such tales possible in the first place. This journey of his was the most important thing that had ever been in his life. As he took his way home, day after day, along the mountain trail or the river path, he found himself making a story of it in much the same chanting lines as the songs he had heard when he was a little child, by the mouth of the cave. He liked some parts of his song so much that he cut notches and drew lines with his knife point on the handle of his spear, to make sure that he would not forget them. He rubbed soot and red earth into the grooves he made, so that the lines would stand out clearer. This he had seen Arnyon, the best woodcarver in Mel-dune's tribe, do sometimes when he was decorating the handle of a weapon or tool. The decorations Brosso could make were not very artistic or very much like the men and animals he wished to draw, but they helped him to remember everything in the proper order. He found out also, what he had

never understood before, the reason for telling such a tale as a chant, in lines that fitted a kind of tune. It was easier to remember. If you left out part of one line it sounded wrong, and then you stopped and thought until you remembered what the missing words were.

The very first of his song was about leaving the cave people with his father, and his father fighting with the wolves. Then came his living in the village and running away to live by himself, and his fight with the hyena, and joining Meldune's people—for he counted himself now as one of them. Then came the visit of the traders, and his talk with the chief, and the signs on the three painted pebbles, drawn very carefully: and all the events of the journey, just as they had followed one after another. It was a good thing that the handle of the spear was so long, for by the time he neared the town once more, his grooved and painted record well-nigh covered it.

He came through the woods about sunset, and saw the crowded cone-shaped roofs with the low wall encircling them, standing up against a sky of scarlet and gold. The smoke was curling softly from the cooking fires, making a violet haze driven this way and that by the evening breeze, as the thin gauze veils the traders sold to the women floated about their faces and shoulders. The smell of the wood smoke was

sweeter to his nostrils than all the perfumes the Carthage peddlers carried, and the lowing of the cattle and the shouting of the herdboys made finer music in his ears than the chiming of the horse bells along the path. He was coming home.

Garó and Peron, the son of the chief, saw him coming, and shouted the news, and by the time he came up the path to the gates there was quite a little crowd waiting to see what he would say. But although he was glad to see them all again and showed it, he went straight toward the house of the chief without delaying for anything. He felt as if he could not wait to tell his story and see whether the chief thought he had done well. It was the first, the very first time in his life that he had been trusted to do an important service, and had come back to be praised or blamed as the case might be. No one—unless it were Mel-dune himself—dreamed of the way he felt about it. The wise chief, perhaps, had chosen him just because he knew the forest boy who was new to service would feel that the errand was tremendously important. Aside from that, there were other reasons, but after all, the man who thinks his work is worth doing is the one who is likely to do it best.

Brosso came in. He made his awkward little bow, then he stood with his spear in his hand, waiting to be told to speak.



"You have seen the three chiefs?" asked Mel-dune. "Good! Now tell me all that has happened and all that you have learned. I think that you must have learned something."

He settled himself in his big chair with the bearskin thrown over it, fingered his carved



ivory wand of office, and waited, his bright, deep-set eyes on the boy's face.

Brosso began. He did not begin with the very first of his tale, the part that dealt with his early adventures, because that was no part of his errand. He began with the night he set out from the town and went on with his coming

to the camp of the Phoenicians with gifts, and being taken on as their camp follower. When he came to the loss of the painted pebbles the chief leaned forward and frowned a little, but when he told how he painted the signs, Mel-dune nodded in a satisfied way and listened harder than before. He noted as he listened, the way the boy fingered his spear and his keen amused eyes took in the fact that the decoration was meant to check up the story.

This was a good boy. This was even a better specimen than he had hoped to find. He had really not expected much more than that Brosso would get word to the three chiefs he visited, to put them on their guard. But the lad had remembered everything. He had got it all down straight, in his mind and on the painted record. He had seen a lot of things he might easily have overlooked, and when it came to the message the old chief of Dur-dune had sent back the second time Brosso saw him, he had got that almost word for word. Mel-dune recognized the old chief's pet words and phrases in every other sentence.

Shaphan had been so anxious to make sure that Brosso did not have any grudge against him about the loss of the pouch, that he had been very friendly indeed after that, and had made chances to talk with Brosso and tell a

great deal about his own city of Kir-artha (Carthage). His people, he said, had been very friendly with the Gauls for generations, and had employed whole companies of Gauls to fight in their armies. They were the cleverest and richest people on the face of the earth, and never forgot their friends. The new city, Rome, whose people were trying to crowd them out of their rightful place, would never succeed.

Mel-dune nodded. "I have heard of these men of Rome," he put in. "Did he say any more about them?"

"Yes; he told of a city far to the south, where other strangers dwell, a large city, with villages and farming lands all around it, at the mouth of a great river, much bigger than ours. And he said"—Brosso spoke slowly, so as to be sure to get it right—"that a people of the Gauls, neighbors to these Ionians—these Greeks—troubled them until they have called in the Romans to help drive them out. He seemed to be afraid—" Brosso could not be sure just why he had thought this, but he was just as sure of it as he was of the things Shaphan had said—"he seemed to fear that the Romans, having come into Gaul, would gain power in all the country."

"Why, how did the youngster ferret that out?" thought Mel-dune to himself, with an

inward chuckle. Aloud he said only, "And did you find out anything about these Romans?"

"This," said Brosso: "the ancient chief of Dur-dune says: 'We build earth walls and timber houses; the Roman builds stone walls and stone houses. Let us build as he builds, if not in stone, then in earth and in timber, that our towns be strong.' And he showed me how he directed his people to build their walls, to be strong against an enemy. Stakes they drive along the line of the wall—thus." Brosso squatted on the floor and arranged little sticks he took from his pouch, as he spoke. "Split logs they lay along the line of the stakes—thus. Then they make a second line along the wall they would build, thus. Then they bring soft earth and fill the space between and wet it with water, and tramp it down hard. When it is dry they bring more earth and wet that and tramp it down. And so they do until the wall is as high as they would have it. It is as hard as this floor—" Brosso stamped with his foot on the tramped earth floor of the hut. "Thus they make the walls of their town, with great stones and small, and the hard, tramped earth. This I have seen."

Mel-dune bent forward, his brown, strong fingers grasping the arms of his chair, and nodded understandingly. He had no masons to



do his building, and stonework without proper mortar, done with uncut stones, is more difficult than it looks, as anybody knows who ever tried to mend an old stone wall. Concrete was unknown to him, but he could see the solidity of this earth wall.

“Also,” the boy went on, “the walls of Durdune are two-fold, circle within circle, and a space between. Thus may the women and children and the wealth of the town stay within the inner circle, while the fighting men surround them, keeping their backs to the inner wall, beyond which arrows and slung stones pass not.”

A chief of a small town in an out-of-the-way corner of Gaul, Mel-dune had nevertheless done his share of thinking. A day or two later he called Garavon and Loutr   and some of the other men of the tribe to meet at his house, together with Gysa the old and wise man, and told Brosso to repeat his tale to them.

When he had finished, and they were all looking at the little earth wall round a miniature town that he had made as he talked, Mel-dune said his say, briefly and quietly.

“Ye all know,” he said, “that many are the tribes of Gaul, diverse in customs, and many are the kinds of people even in one tribe. We have even in our town, River People, Forest People, Cattle Folk, Sheep Folk, and now a



Cave Man. But it is in my mind that this may make us stronger rather than weaker if we do but agree among ourselves.

“Many roads run through Gaul, and on many of them strangers have traveled, and will travel. We cannot shut the strangers out, nor—to my mind—should we desire to shut them out. They bring their wealth to barter for our wealth. We get amber from the north, silver from the west, bronze, tin, copper, and much else that we have not in our own land. Let us bargain with the strangers, taking care that we get from them what we need to buy rather than what they desire to sell. Let us learn to value all things justly, not overmuch, nor despising anything we may find of use. Let us hold our own with all men.

“Some are against any change of customs, holding that we depart not from the ways of our fathers lest the gods be angry. Since the gods bring about changes, they must be willing that we change also. The world is not altogether as it was in the days of our fathers.

“This then is my counsel; that we keep an open mind, clear eyes and quick ears, and should we see a custom of the strangers that is better than our customs, let us make that our own. Also let us bear in mind that there is a difference in strangers. Let us not be hasty, but see, and

listen, and think before we judge. And now we will go out and strengthen our walls.”

This was done, in a workmanlike and thorough manner. An earth wall may not be as good as a stone wall other things being equal; but a double wall of packed earth, big stones, and heavy logs, with a good space between the ramparts, a spring of good water inside the whole, and the sides defended partly by the river and partly by a steep slope, would be a very hard thing for any enemy armed as men were then to get over, if the defenders were good fighters. And the men of Mel-dune were good.

## VII

### THE GREAT STONES

OUT of the shadows of the night and the woods moved Kervan, out toward the rocky seacoast and the Great Stones. He had been away for more than a year, blown out to sea in his little fishing boat in the first autumn gales, picked up by a foreign galley that would not leave her course for a stray lad even if he had known words to ask for such a thing. He had never beheld such a craft—long and narrow, with many rowers, one to each of the huge heavy oars. The steersman kept her well out to sea, and she rode the waters as a big bird rides the gale. Kervan had no chance to go ashore until the galley anchored in the roadstead of her own town, at the mouth of a mighty river, in or about the harbor that is now Marseilles. She was a Greek ship, and had not been so far north before; the storm carried her out of her course.

The colonies of the Greeks lay south of all Gaul, along the seacoast; they had been there for a long time, and built cities, and temples, planted olive orchards and vineyards, inter-

married with the people of the country. This soft southern land was not like anything Kervan had known in his sixteen years, and he was homesick.

Now he had worked and begged and tramped his way back to his own native land again, the country by the rough northern sea, Ar-mor. There the great Stones of Magic still stand, silent and mysterious, just as they were set up by some long-vanished race. The smell of the sea wind coming to his nostrils made the boy see it all as if he were already there—the men-hirs, the dolmens, the little rude cabins, the fishing nets and the boats. It was a grim, stern landscape, but its men were strong and stern also. They were his folk, and there he belonged.

Sturdily he swung along the one-man path, against the sea wind, sure that when he came to the sea he should be at home. He knew nothing of geography and there were no maps in those days, so that he had no way of knowing how far his country extended, or where his own village might be. But he had all the time in the world, and he could find it.

The people of Ar-mor, which is now called Brittany, were of a race apart; he had not in his travels seen any like them. Their songs, their dances, their tales of the past, their dress and customs, were all unlike those of the other

Gauls, and—this was also unlike the ways of the rest of the Gauls—they changed very little, if at all, from one generation to another. Perhaps this was because they knew the sea so well, for the sea never changes, although it is never the same from one day to another. Even this gale that had blown Kervan so far away was not the first nor the twentieth his village could remember. His great-grandfather had been stranded far down the coast in just such an adventure, and come back with strange tales to tell,—to find his wife on the point of being married to some one else.

Kervan had no wife, not even a sweetheart, so that this could not happen to him. He did not think that he would say much about his experiences, either, except to his mother, to whom he would of course tell everything. But there were many ways in which he would find use for what he had learned in the far country to the south.

He made a sharp turn to the west and struck across country toward the sea, which he had glimpsed from the top of a ridge, blue and shimmering, away out at the edge of the world. But it was further away even than it looked. Not until near sunset did Kervan, footsore despite the leathery toughness of his travel-hardened soles, reach a place in which he heard



his own language again. Even then, the people did not know anything about the village in which his home was. But they gave him flat cakes of meal, salt and water, and some broiled fish, and told him news.

The fishing was not as safe along the coast as it had been. Fish were unusually scarce, and from the next village a fisherman had gone out in his little skin-covered boat, in a calm sea, and never come back. When the boats met on the fishing grounds they all had the same story to tell. Scarce fish, lost boats,—not many, but some—no explanation of it. Some of the old people said the land was being punished for sin.

Kervan, taking his way once more along the coast northward, thought about this, and wondered. All the old legends of gods and fairies and monsters came flocking back into his mind, as he had heard them when a little boy, beside the driftwood fire. The tales changed color and sparkled and glittered as the fire did, now that he thought of them with all the understanding of youth, in place of the simple wonder of a child. He would be a man when he saw his home again, and soon he would have a man's voice in things; what he thought would count for something. What was there to think about this? He wished he knew.

At the end of the next day he came in sight of the great stones, standing up solemn and still against the sky. These were the menhirs, tall stones standing each by itself. Some distance from these was a dolmen, a sort of building made of three enormous stones, two standing on end, the other resting on top like a roof. Here the sand had drifted and sea-grass grown long and rank, so that on one side the structure was nearly walled up, and on the other side there was a kind of cave. It was a cold night, but Kervan would not have gone there to sleep for anything that any one could name. He had an idea that the stones were part of some kind of altar or temple to unknown gods of the past. They might not like to have people sleep there.

But to his astonishment he saw, when he had passed the lonely dolmen and turned to look at it once more, that some one had slept there. A kind of bed of dry leaves and grass was heaped up inside, with odd-colored blankets and garments thrown on it, and not far away somebody had built a fire. What in the world did this mean?

It occurred to him that possibly it had something to do with the mysterious absence of fish along the coast. He had just enough curiosity to wish to know a little more, and just enough fear of the unknown, to wish to keep out of the



Kervan peered from his hiding-place.



way of any danger that might be lurking thereabouts. He crouched in a sand-hollow overgrown with long grass and prepared to watch.

He did not have long to wait. Steps could be heard coming along, up from the shore, careless footsteps, as if the person walking in the twilight did not fear to be heard. Kervan, peering from his hiding place, could see a moving figure black against the red and orange of the sky—a figure that looked somehow familiar. Then he saw that it was a man, a young man by the way he walked, carrying a string of fish, and a net bag of shellfish. At sight of them Kervan's mouth watered hungrily. The youth came up to the dolmen, singing a little song in a strange language. Kervan could see him quite plainly as he turned, the setting sun shining full on his face.

He knew the face. This was the Greek merchant's son Lycon, who had been kind to him on the galley, and taken him to the house of his father Crantas when the ship came into port. But how did a young Greek from the far south come here? And did he not know the danger of using a temple—even so rude a one as this—to sleep in? He probably did not suppose it was a temple. It was certainly not much like the temples in Massalia, with their marble steps and colonnades and statues of Greek gods.



Kervan had never dared go inside one, but he knew that the Greeks had not the same gods as his people, and did not worship in the same way. That must be it.

Kervan felt that it was only right that the stranger should be warned. It would also be wise, because if the unknown gods punished Lycon the punishment might fall also upon the people of the country. Such things had been known to happen. Kervan had heard of a whole season's fishing being made to suffer because the gods were angry with one man. He was drowned, and then things went all right.

There was no time to lose. Kervan scrambled up from his crouching position and stepped out in sight.

"O master," he said.

Lycon turned quickly. "By the Wings of Hermes," he said in amaze, "it is the little drowned rat we fished up off this very coast. Have you come home again all right, then?"

Kervan did not know all the words in this speech, but he could make out enough to understand the meaning. He grinned shyly and answered in the best phrases he could remember that he had not yet reached his home, but was on his way. Then he tried to explain how improper it was to use a dolmen for a bedchamber, and a menhir for the back of a fireplace.

Lycon stared at first, and then his active Greek wits caught at the meaning. He had not imagined that these rough-hewn stones could be connected with any sort of worship. They were more like the remains of ruined Titan walls in his ancestors' home in Greece. But he was quite willing to remove himself and all his belongings to a respectful distance. For all he knew, there might really be gods in this wilderness, and they might be offended if he were rude to them. All the people of the world in those days believed that every place had its local gods. Some were great and powerful and well known, others were small and feeble and almost without followers. But whoever and whatever they might be, they always resented any disrespect shown them, as far as their power lay. Sometimes they did this in practical and uncomfortable ways. It was bad enough to be stranded alone on a strange coast, with only the few things he had been able to save from the wreck of his galley.

In his heart, however, Lycon hardly thought he had done anything wrong in sheltering himself inside the stone dolmen. It had been raining heavily, and any shelter was better than none. Now had come this astonishing bit of luck, the appearance of Kervan. The Celtic boy was the one human being on this coast who had reason to be friendly to Lycon and might help him.

By using patience, and repeating some things a great many times, the two youths managed to exchange experiences while they built a new fire and cooked and ate their supper. Lycon had a bundle of tapers made of a certain rush whose pith would hold fire for many hours, and it did not take as long to make a fire as it would with Kervan's wooden drill. The people in Kervan's village would wonder at that.

Kervan did not have a long story to tell. He had come afoot from Massalia, and was now near home.

Lycon had been into seas north of this, up a river. His galley was on its way home when a storm drove it on the rocks and so far as Lycon knew, every one but himself was lost. He had saved some of the goods and some money, but the money might not be of much use hereabouts.

"I tell you what," said Kervan, "the best thing to do is for you to come along with me to my village, or some place where we can get boats. We can carry all this stuff on our backs, easily enough, two of us. Then when we reach my village I will tell the chief who you are, and you can talk with him about the best way to get home."

"I can go overland," said Lycon, "but it will take longer, and I am not sure of the road. But as you say, we shall be able to arrange all that."

It was a land of silence and of loneliness through which they journeyed, of scant food and chill sea winds. But Kervan had known hard work and hard fare from his childhood, and the young Greek, in his seafaring life, had hardened his muscles and his courage, and made no complaint.

As they tramped along, Lycon beguiled the time by learning all he could of the language of the country, for he foresaw that it would be useful. He could learn it much more easily than the half-barbaric young Celt could learn Greek. Some of the words were like the mixture of Greek and the language of Southern Gaul which was spoken at the mouth of the Rhône, but most of them were new. The people of Gaul, even two thousand years ago, were a mixture of more different races than the people of almost any other country. Besides the ancient settlements of the Greeks and Phœnicians, the country had been swept over by invading hordes from the east, tall yellow-haired men, who pushed in as far as they could and sometimes settled in towns and villages along the boundary line; and other invaders, rather short, broad-faced people, had come in nobody knew how long ago from the southeast. On the southwest there were the dark primitive people beyond the mountains, in the country to which the traders

went for silver and for marten skins. Nobody can say just what the original Gauls were like, or what language they spoke. But of all the peoples that dwelt in what is now France, the men of this country by the sea, Ar-mor, were the only ones who had not been overrun by strangers and who still kept their own language, their own gods and their own customs. This Lycon had heard from his father.

He did not in the least know what he was going to see when he came to Kervan's own village, and he was not sure what would happen to him. Kervan seemed to be friendly, but he was only a boy. In most places where he had been, the Greek had got on by using his trading faculty, exchanging whatever he had that the people wanted for something they had which would be of use to him. He sometimes thought that he could manage somehow even if he were shipwrecked and cast ashore with nothing at all, not even clothing, because he could teach the people things that would be useful to them. But from what Kervan had told him, the Men of the Sea did not want anything more than what they had. They did not wish to change their fashions. They were not interested in new things. If they had been, they would have changed their customs before this.

When at last they came in sight of a circle



of stones which Kervan knew, and which was only a few miles from his home, the boy suggested that Lycon should stay there, make camp, and wait until he, Kervan, had been home and seen his mother and heard the news of the town. He did not say so, but if the fishing season had been bad all along the coast, and especially if men had been lost from this neighborhood as well as others, the arrival of a stranger from a strange galley might not be well taken. Lycon was quick-witted enough to suspect something of the kind, and made no objection. Then Kervan set off alone along the well-remembered road, past the menhirs, along the cliff, to his own home.

## VIII

### THE SEA DEVIL

THE village looked exactly as Kervan remembered it. He had really been away less than two years, but so much had gone into that time, for him, that he had somehow felt as if great changes must have taken place at home. The dolmens and the menhirs were just the same; he had expected that; they had not changed for perhaps a hundred generations. But the little, storm-beaten houses were also just the same; the fruit trees in the orchards still leaned as if they were blown day and night by the sea wind. Yes, there was old Laricq, looking just as he had when Kervan was a small boy, doddering along with a load of seaweed on his back. There was Menec tending his sheep, and—yes—as he drew near the house of old Laricq he could hear the old woman scolding as hard as ever. A wide grin stretched his mouth almost from ear to ear. He had not known how good it would seem to get back, to remember every little thing, every sight and sound, almost every stone and tuft of grass along the way.

He jumped down the bank on which he was

standing and tore along as hard as he could run, to his mother's cottage. She was sitting spinning in the doorway, and when she saw him she sprang up and shaded her eyes with her hand, not believing what she saw. Then she dropped her distaff, wool and all, and ran to meet him. Before they had finished hugging each other a crowd of children and older people seemed to have sprung up out of the ground. They all wanted to see if it was really Kervan, so tall and brown and strong, and with strange clothing and sandals, and everybody asked at once where he had been. Oh, it was good to be at home!

Crozan, the chief himself, came to see what was the matter and listened to the traveler's story with as much interest as anybody. But it was not until they had all finally got their fill of listening for that evening, and gone home to their own suppers, that Kervan had a chance to say anything to his mother about the Greek stranger. It was dark by that time, and she had pulled him in out of the gathering shadows, and shut the door of the little old stone-walled, almost windowless, house, and was stirring up the fire and making ready to cook the flat cakes of bread and roast the wild duck Kervan had brought with him. Now and then she looked over her shoulder in a frightened way.

“You have not heard of the sea devil in our waters, my son?” she said presently. “You came by land.”

“A sea devil?” asked Kervan, and he set his strong white teeth into a red apple.

“That is what they think it is. A monster that eats up all the fish, and worse than that—” she came closer—“two of our men have gone out and never come back, and that in a still sea. One was Arzon’s brother Loic and one was your cousin Hoel. Aie—aie!”

The fishing boats were little coracles, just a skin stretched over a frame of wood, with room for one man only. Kervan thought of the big fish he had seen on his voyage in the galley, and wondered if it was possible that such a fish could swallow a man. He had listened to the sailors’ stories, as much of them as he could understand, and heard one man tell of a fish much bigger than any they had seen, which came to the surface of the sea now and then and threw out great jets of water. But a fish like that could have been seen far enough away for the fishermen to put back to land. Moreover they would all have seen him, or at least somebody would.

“And that is not all,” his mother went on, crouching over the fire and tending the sizzling fowl, “a calf got away and strayed down to

the cliff and never came back either. Can a sea monster come up on the land?"

Now Kervan understood the scared way in which everybody had scurried homeward as soon as it began to grow dark.

"I never heard of any sea creature that came on land," he said. He thought uneasily of Lycon out there in the dark, knowing nothing of the danger. The place where he had made his camp was, it was true, a good distance from the sea, but suppose the Greek should take a fancy to go down there for a moonlight swim? Or suppose he got up early and went to look for shellfish, or to cast his net from the cliff?

His mother went on talking.

"They say that perhaps the gods are offended with our people and a sacrifice is demanded. Every one knows it is unlucky to rescue a drowning person; the sea will take one in his place. And while we have not done that, we have here in the village one who was shipwrecked and cast ashore,—a maiden, very lovely and white. She cannot speak our language or tell her name, but she made us understand by signs that she came from a great boat that was dashed to pieces in the storm, and the waves threw her on the beach. When Pen-broc the father of Loic beheld her, and saw the necklace and the rings



she wore, he said that she should be Loic's wife. But now Loic is drowned."

"What will they do with her then?" asked Kervan. He was thinking that this was no time to spread news in the village of another shipwrecked stranger. Lycon might be in more peril from the terrified people than from any sea devil.

"I do not know," said Kervan's mother. "Aie, my son, but you have grown tall and strong!" she added, looking at him with shining eyes. After all, other people's troubles were their own, and her joy was also her own. She had thought Kervan dead, and he had come back to her, bigger and finer and handsomer than when he went away. Perhaps all this mystery about the sea devil would be explained in time. The sea had not got her son.

This town was well off, as things went in Ar-mor; it had its farming lands, its orchards and its flocks and herds, and produced, in one way and another, nearly everything its people could possibly want. Until now, no great peril had threatened the people as a whole. But if their fishing went wrong it would be a serious calamity. And if the gods were really displeased, the disasters would not end there. Kervan thought it all over until he dropped asleep. He was a strong, healthy young fellow, and after the day's journey afoot in the open air, nothing

short of immediate danger could have kept him awake long.

When the gray dawn lighted the little square window, however, he stirred and stretched himself, and lay for a few minutes getting used to the idea that he was really on his own bed in his own corner of the hut. The fire showed a red eye of coals as his mother poked it, and soon flared up bright and hot, driving away the chill of the sea-air. Kervan put some bread in his wallet, took a drink of cider, wrenched off a drumstick of the cold roast duck, and set out to tell Lycon what he had heard.

The Greek was all right. He had dived off the headland and had a swim soon after day-break, and was cooking his breakfast. When he saw Kervan his dark brows lifted and his smile was like warm sunshine.

"Well?" he said.

"It is not very good news," said the Celtic boy. "I do not know what to make of it. But I do not think you can come to the village for a while anyway. Not until this matter of the sea devil has come to an end."

"Sea devil?" said Lycon; and Kervan told what he had heard.

Lycon listened thoughtfully. "I do not know what it can be," he said at last. "It is not the great fish that spouts, I am quite sure. That

does not eat men, or destroy the fishing—from what I have heard. But there is something in the sea, that is certain. There are stories like that among my people.”

Then Kervan went on to tell about the girl who had come ashore. The Greek sprang to his feet in excitement.

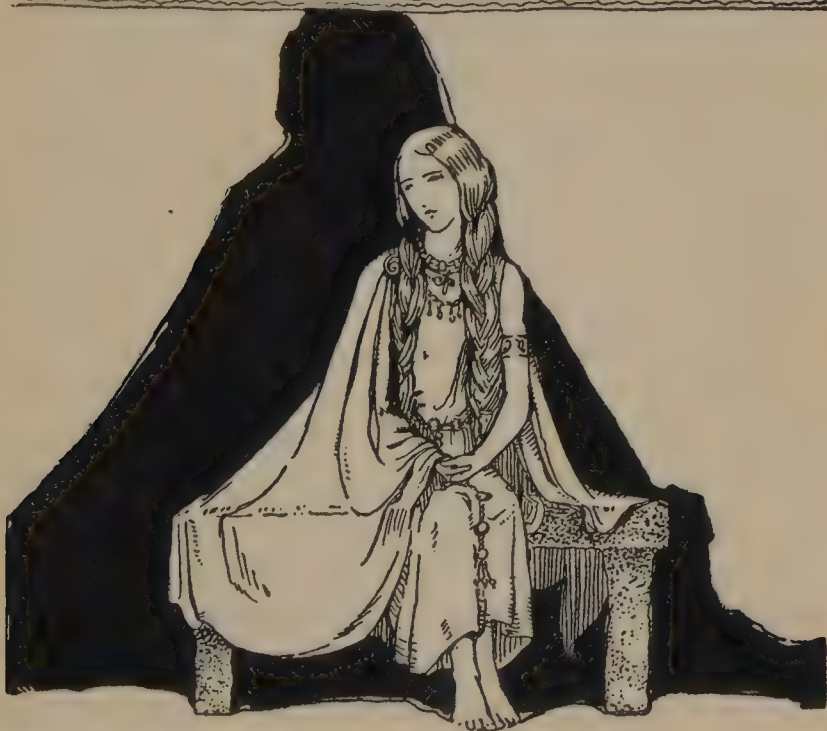
“It is my betrothed!” he cried, “the Gaulish girl for whom I made this second voyage. She and her father were on their way southward with me. Alouit! Alouit!”

This certainly did not make things easier. If it was going to be hard to find a way to get Lycon back to his people, it would be ten times harder to get the girl away with him. Even if she could be stolen from the village, what would the two of them do here in a perfectly unknown country? What could Kervan, a boy himself, and his widowed mother do to help or save them?

But there was a stubborn loyalty in Kervan which would not give up while there was any chance at all of doing something. He told Lycon that he would go home and find the girl and tell her, the minute he got a chance, that her betrothed had been saved and that he was their friend. What happened next would have to happen, but maybe a way out could be found somehow.

When Kervan got back to the town he found a very serious council going on between Crozan the chief, the priests, and the chief men of the tribe. They had met to talk over the matter

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of the sea monster. Menec, who was guarding the girl willingly allowed Kervan to take his place, and went off to hear what he could of what was going on.

The maiden sat on a rude bench in the house

of Pen-broc, her golden hair falling over her shoulders in long braids, her clasped hands in her lap and her blue eyes staring straight before her. She started on hearing herself called by name, and her eyes got bigger and brighter as Kervan, in his broken language, told her what had happened. She had not cried in all her desolation, but now she began to cry for joy.

"If they send you away," said Kervan, "we will try to have a boat ready and Lycon will take you to his people. It is very far, but he is wise, and he has saved quite a lot of things—money. All we can do now is to wait."

Alouit was a chief's daughter, and she was brave. It was just as well, however, that she did not know all that was being said in the council. The priests felt sure that the sea devil was trying to get something that belonged to him. If it was Alouit, he should have her. Then perhaps he would go away. The sea held many mysteries. Even these men, who had known it all their lives, and their people before them, did not know all the strange ways of the deep gray ocean.

Kervan found out that they had decided on taking the girl, three nights hence, when the moon was full, out to the cliff and binding her to a stake. Then they would leave her. Perhaps the sea devil would take her and be content,



or the sea god might accept the sacrifice. At any rate it seemed to be all they could do.

Kervan's blood chilled as he thought of telling Lycon, but that was what he must do, and he set off on a long lope across the open country, as soon as he could get away. He found the Greek wild with excitement. He thought he had found out what the sea monster was.

He had to draw a picture of it with a stick, in the sand before Kervan could comprehend. It was a thing all stomach and eyes and arms, long arms like snakes. Little ones were caught in the southern seas, but this was a big one. It had suckers on its arms, and these arms had a tremendous pulling strength, quite enough to drag a boat under water, with a man in it. Lycon had had a glimpse of it reaching up over the cliff. The sheltered curve of the bay was the kind of place it liked. Sea devil was a very good name for it.

"Can it be killed?" asked the boy.

"I think so," said Lycon, "if we can make a spear that is long enough. At night it may come up on land. I shall keep watch."

"I will watch with you," said Kervan. He felt that he could not be left out of this adventure, whatever it was to be. He decided not to tell Lycon just yet of the decision of the council. He was afraid that if he did, the young

man would quite lose his head, and make for the village to rescue Alouit himself. That might end in both of them being bound to stakes at the edge of the sea. There were still two nights in which to do something.

They worked together all that afternoon at a driftwood stick that had come ashore, splitting it so that it could be handled, and setting a long knife blade into the end. Toward night, Kervan caught a young goat and tethered it with a long tether, not far from the water's edge. The end of the tether he kept hold of himself. Lycon prowled up and down watching, and they had torches all ready to light from coals in a clay-lined basket. Most wild animals fear fire, but they did not feel sure what this one would do. Perhaps he would come on shore more readily in the dark.

Nothing happened, for some hours. The goat slept peacefully, and Kervan dozed a little himself, the tether of braided leather thongs wrapped around his wrist. A little after moonrise the goat suddenly scrambled to its feet and gave a frightened bleat. Kervan instantly let the line run out, for they had given it a turn around a stake driven into the ground, and the goat darted back from the sea. Kervan—now on his feet—took care not to let the frightened animal get away too fast, for he could see in the

moonlight the long arms of the sea devil reaching up over the cliff like a snake—two snakes—three—but without any head. Lycon had instantly run down to look. Then the big head, or body, of the octopod, raised up over the cliff. They let the goat escape and waited a minute. Then Lycon stabbed with the long spear—one long stroke, sure and powerful. That was the end of the sea devil.

Kervan was almost more scared to look at it when it was dead than he had been of waiting to attack it when he did not know what it was. It had been an easy matter to see where to strike, because the creature glimmered all over with a light like touchwood in the dark. Kervan had never been afraid of any of the dangers of the sea—he had fished from boats ever since he was a little fellow—but he had never known there were any such beasts as this one in it.

By the time the adventure was fairly over it was nearly morning, and they began to think what to do next. They talked it over seriously, and finally made up their minds. When the sun made a gold rim above the hills to the east, Kervan took his way home.

“Where have you been?” asked his mother, as mothers have asked ever since mankind remembers. Kervan said he had been fishing, and would tell her all about it a little later, when he

had had something to eat. But he did not spend much time eating. He swallowed food enough to fill the awful emptiness he had suddenly begun to feel inside him, and then went off, as quickly as his feet would carry him, to find Crozan the chief.

"And that," said Crozan when he had heard the story, "was the monster that has been seeking his prey along our coast?"

"Yes," said the boy. "If you had seen him—"

"I wonder I did not think of that before," said Crozan reflectively. "I remember now, hearing from my grandfather of some such creature, but I thought it was only a tale. The priests were so sure of their devil!"

"And now," said Kervan, "what?"

"I must think," said Crozan, and his square, bronzed face with the deep-set blue eyes and dusky beard took on a rather crafty expression. "You say the girl is the betrothed bride of this Greek who was kind to you?"

"Yes," said Kervan. "She is a Gaulish maiden, daughter of a chief over there." He pointed.

"We are none too friendly with those people," said Crozan musingly. "Our young men have gone raiding too often to get their white wine for our drinking. I think perhaps, we can send

the Greek and his maiden back to her friends, and be well received for once. Now be silent and let me manage this affair, and you shall lose nothing by it."

He stood up and laid one powerful hand on Kervan's shoulder. "You are a brave lad," he said kindly. "I shall not forget what you have done. Remember that frightened men are cruel. That is one good reason why a chief must not allow his people to be frightened—if it can be helped. Now you may go, and tell this Lycon to come back with you to your house. I will take care that he is not seen until the proper moment."

Kervan had no idea how Crozan would take care of it, but he went and did his errand. When the two youths came back they found that every soul in the village was crowded in the open meeting ground in the middle, listening intently to what was going on. They slipped into Kervan's mother's hut—she was in the crowd with the rest—and waited.

Crozan was telling the people what he had already told the priests, that a young man, one of their own lads, had gone valiantly forth to find and slay the sea monster. When it appeared and was about to attack him a youth appeared from the sea and gave him a magic spear, and aided him in the combat. This stranger claimed



as his reward the maiden from the sea, and he should have her. She was a chief's daughter and her people lived far to the eastward. The magic spear the stranger would leave with Kervan in case any more sea monsters threatened the coast. No other village had such a weapon; no other youth had dared to attack such a monster. They could all go and see it where it had been slain. That night there would be a feast in honor of the victory, and on the morrow the stranger and his bride, with a suitable escort, would set out for her father's country. Some of the young men knew well enough where that was. (The young men looked sheepish.) But this time they might have a chance to drink the good white wine without having to fight for it. He had long been of the opinion that it would be better to be friends with that chief and his people than to be continually fighting with them. This would be a chance to make friends.

Then Kervan and Lycon and Alouit were brought into the space where the priests and Crozan stood, and all the people shouted as if their throats would burst. Lycon and Alouit were invited into the chief's house presently, and entertained with all kindness, but they really cared very little what happened to them now that they had each other safe again. They did not go to look at the remains of the sea

devil when the others did. Neither did Kervan. It made him creep to think even for a moment what might have happened if it had not been killed.

At the feast that night Kervan sat beside the chief in a place of honor, and his mother was the proudest woman in Ar-mor. As for the priests, if they felt cheap at discovering that their devil, or sea god, was only a new kind of ferocious water beast, they did not let it be suspected. They had really been at their wits' end to understand what was going on. It was far better to get rid of the danger than to have a mystery on their hands, unsolved. It would have been a very serious matter for them if they had sacrificed the daughter of a neighboring chief, and gained nothing by it after all. Kervan had done his people a great service.

## IX

### A STRANGE SWORD

OUT of the beaver swamp came Bibroc, in very good spirits, with several fine water-fowl tied together in a bunch, over his shoulder. He looked rather like a beaver himself, with his thick, close brown hair, bright eyes and brown face. He was all brown,—hairy legs and arms and chest, skin tunic, broad muscular hands. His name, in fact, meant “beaver,” and his family had always lived near the great swamp where the beavers built.

People from the higher ground and the open plain did not like it very well, around the swamp; they had chills and lost their appetite for food. They would rather let Bibroc and his brothers hunt beaver and bring the skins to sell, than wade through the mud and water themselves. Often many months would pass without any outsider coming near the valley.

For this reason Bibroc was surprised to see, half buried in the morass, a strange weapon. He pulled it out and stood looking at it. It was a short, two-edged sword, rather broad, with a not very sharp point. There was nothing in

the shape that was very different from any other sword. It was the metal that was different. It was greenish-brown, and very hard.

The swords that Bibroc had seen were of iron, which was found in that part of the country and could be worked without much trouble. But the metal was so soft that the edge turned easily at any hard blow. For serious work, Bibroc preferred a stone axe or knife such as his forefathers had always used, or for arrow tips, bone, which was also good for spearheads. Even a stick sharpened at the end and charred in the fire was not at all a bad weapon. But nothing like this sword had he seen anywhere.

In those long-ago days of Gaul, the various tribes and towns were separated quite effectively by mountains, rivers, deep valleys, bogs and other natural barriers. Often one village, or even one family, would keep to its own ways and customs long after its neighbors had adopted new ones. Some settlements were near the trade roads over which the foreign peddlers came with their horses loaded with new sorts of goods. Others were in nooks and valleys by themselves among the hills. Along the border between Gaul and the dark people beyond the Pyrenees, there was only one really good pass by which to cross the range. On the east, again, there were mountains and streams and a

great river; and north and west and south was the sea. At one time and another waves of strange races had overflowed the country and flowed back, leaving some of their people in places here and there. Perhaps there has never been any country, of the same size, that has had more different kinds of people in it than there were in Gaul two thousand years ago.

The sword that Bibroc held in his hands was a Roman sword, but he did not know that, and would not have known what Roman meant if he had been told. Far to the south the Greek colonies had been troubled and plagued by raids from eastern tribes until they had sent for Roman troops to come and help them defend themselves. Some of the Romans had stayed, and liked the look of the country. From one of their camps a barbarian, prowling about at night, had stolen the sword, and running away from the pursuing soldiers had dropped it in his flight, doubling and twisting like a chased hare, until he was overtaken and cut down. And here the sword lay until Bibroc found it.

He carried it back to the hut of his father, but neither his father nor his grandfather, nor his brothers, nor any of his people, had ever seen one like it. They agreed, however, that it was a very well-made weapon and well worth keeping. Bibroc hung it up tidily over the



couch in his bed-place, and looked at it from time to time. It was not much good for hunting; it was too heavy. In hopping on tussocks and climbing trees, and wading streams, it was better to travel lightly, even for a lad with the iron muscles and untiring energy of this young hunter.

But he had been used to notice every track and trace of game animals and birds, and he could not help wondering how the sword ever came to be there at all. He thought that some day he would adventure further in that direction, and see what sort of people lived in the next valley.

The time came when he really did, but not as he had imagined he might do it. Those same barbarians, flying before the Romans, overran the country. Some of them came like death and destruction into the valley where Bibroc and his people lived, so that they had barely a chance to escape with their lives. Bibroc and his brothers formed a rear guard with stone clubs and bone-bladed spears, and Bibroc wielded the sword to good purpose on the head of one big hairy enemy who fell back before it as if he was afraid of something he had seen before. When the family had reached a hidden island in the swamp that no one could get at without knowing just where to go, Bibroc went out to spy on the enemy and see what was going on.

He came on the scene just as the enemy's camp was rushed by a company of small, strong-built, active men in caps and tunics of glittering coppery metal, which protected their heads and bodies from injury. They had bows and arrows, slings, and short swords like the one Bibroc now wore at his belt. They fought in an orderly manner, under the command of one of their number, and Bibroc found himself anxious to help. He did not quite dare come out in the open, but he sent dart after dart into the thick of the fight from the edge of the undergrowth where he lurked, and also did good work with his sling. Once or twice he saw one of the armored strangers look curiously toward his hiding place, as if he wondered who could be there, but they were all too busy to investigate. At last the enemy fled. The victors returned, hot but satisfied, and splashed their faces and arms with water from a pool, for the day was hot.

Bibroc knew where there was a spring of pure water, in the woods above. He darted into the hut which had been his home, took a water jar and filled it, came back with it brimming with cold, clear water. The strangers welcomed him with a shout.

"Dea mea!" said one to his comrade, "I believe that is he who fought so valiantly on

our side, though we could not see him. Come here, O Cano, and try if you can talk to the pagan.”

Cano, a camp follower who seemed to be a kind of interpreter, spoke a dialect so nearly



like Bibroc's that they soon understood one another, and the boy told his story.

“He has earned the sword,” said the one who had spoken before, laughing. “He sent a dart right through the shoulder of that barbarian who had me down with his hands on my throat when you fellows came to the rescue. Tell him his people can come back to their homes now; we shall not disturb them.”

Bibroc took the message, and then returned to hang about the camp of the strangers. They did not seem to object, especially as from time to time he brought them fish and game. He became well acquainted with Cano, and began to learn some words of the strange language. He was more and more convinced that it had been great luck for him to be at the fight and win their good will, for they made camp in the neighborhood and seemed to be planning to stay there. This was an outpost where they could guard against another raid from the fierce tribes against whom they were contending.

One of the most interesting things they did was to build a bridge, the first that Bibroc or any of his people ever saw. When the wild men wanted to cross the river they had to swim it or go much further up where they could ford it. But Cano said the Romans built bridges and made roads wherever they went. They never stayed long in a place without making a way by which they could go back where they came from along a straight and smooth road. If necessary, they bridged a river or laid a causeway across a swamp or drained a bog.

Bibroc meditated on this. He did not think he liked it very much. If, for example, there was an easy way for neighboring tribes to get

from their own valley into this one, they would be coming all the time. He said something like this to the interpreter.

Cano grinned cheerfully. "It might seem like that," he admitted. "But along with the Roman road goes the Roman Peace. Our soldiers can reach any part of our land so quickly and easily that they can put an end to any war almost before it begins. You deal fairly with our Captain Fabius, and he will treat you well."

Bibroc and his people found that this was so. They continued to live by the beaver swamp, but along the far side of it ran a solid road made of cartload after cartload of stone dumped on a well-chosen route and smoothed down and packed together, until no flood would be likely to gutter it out and no melting snows from the hills could wash it away. The garrison that occupied the solid building near the spring became good friends with the neighboring tribes. All, in course of time, felt safer from attack because the Romans were there.

They did not know it, but the same sort of thing was happening in many different nooks and valleys of the world at about the same time, and went on happening for generations.

Wherever the Romans came, they made roads, so that it was easier to travel. They had



new ways of living, of building walls and houses, which interested the natives, and many of them learned these ways for themselves. Everybody learned some camp-Latin, because there were some of the soldiers who could never understand what you said in any language but their own. Some of the Romans learned to understand, and even to speak, the languages and dialects of the Gauls, because they might find themselves where no one knew any Roman. Titus said that his captain, Fabius, had begun to do this from the first, because he could get on so much faster with the chiefs, especially the older men, if he spoke to them in their own tongue. But it was more of an undertaking for the Romans to learn the native speech than it was for the Gauls to learn enough Roman for business purposes, because nearly every tribe had a language a little different from any other. The street-Roman that the soldiers talked could be understood by any Roman, and after awhile it came to be a common language all over Gaul.

In course of time—although it took many generations to do it—the two languages came to be so thoroughly mixed that they could not be separated, any more than scrambled eggs can be unscrambled and be new-laid eggs in the shell once more. Nowadays nobody knows just what the original Gaulish language was. Almost

every word of it, even common words, has been replaced by some word the Gauls made out of the Latin word for the same thing.

Of course, in picking up a language by ear, which was the only way they could do it at all, it was impossible to get any of the words exactly right. The Gauls did not speak a Latin word just as the Romans did, and their grammar was entirely different. So long as they could be understood, neither Gauls nor Romans spent much time studying pronunciation. The Roman soldier said "caput" for head. The letters p and f sound a good deal alike, especially in a strange language, and the Gaul got the word "chefut" and then "chef." The Roman word for father was "pater" and the word for son "filius." To the Gaul these words, pronounced with a strong accent on the first syllable, sounded something like "payer" and "feece." If you will listen to some one talking fast and rather carelessly, and write down exactly what the words sound like, without regard to the spelling, you will see how this could happen. When a boy nowadays wishes to say, "Did you go to school this afternoon?" sometimes he really says, "Ju gota skool 'saft'noon?"

It was just as bad when the Romans tried to pronounce the names of the Gauls. They got "Bibroc" "Bibrac", and called the river Gara-

von (rough river) "Garumnus", and Rhône "Rhodanus", and so on.

By the time this mixed language of Roman Gaul came to be written down, it had become a language by itself, with a new grammar and new pronunciation, not Latin at all; and in a thousand years or more it became the foundation of the French that is spoken to-day. In some parts of France the peasants speak very much as they probably did when Gaul was still a Roman province, and all her cities were Roman towns.

## X

### PRIESTS OF THE OAK

FROM mountain villages and riverside towns, fertile valleys and thick forest, groups of Gauls were moving toward a certain place in the centre of the country. Every day the sun rose a little earlier and set a little later. Every day new blossoms and ripening fruit made the air sweeter. Every day the winds grew warmer, the sun brighter, the grass and the trees more green and beautiful. It was not long before Midsummer Day, the great festival of the Sun, who ruled the fruitful Earth.

So long had this feast been kept, on the longest day of every year, that the oldest man of any tribe did not know how many years or how many lives of men had passed since it began. Only the priests knew all that it meant, if any one did—but it had a great deal to do with the luck of the year. No one doubted that.

If the birds, flying high above the tree tops in the light of the summer sun, had looked down and seen the gathering of the people, it might have seemed to them like their own flight southward in the fall and northward again in spring,

it was so quiet and unhurried and straight. But the moving human figures did not all go south or north or east or west. They were all making for one point, in the country of the tribe who lived in the middle of Gaul, the Carnutes, as the Romans afterward called them, after whom the city of Chartres was named. The Priests of the Oak, the tree sacred to the Sun god, had a very ancient sacred place there, in which they met at this time for certain important ceremonies.

The birds, however, were busy just then with their own affairs. It was their season for raising families, the most important matter in the world.

If the birds had been paying attention to what was going on, they could hardly have been more mystified than a young Roman soldier from the Sabine hills, who found himself one of this moving multitude. In his experience, men traveled because they had something to take to market, or needed something that was sold there, or were ordered to march in a company from one place to another, or were attending the wedding or the funeral of some kinfolk of their own. Titus Macer had not seen much of the world before he went into the army, and he had not been very long a soldier. Nearly all of his service had been in Gaul, but not this



part of Gaul, and he had been engaged for much of the time in campaigning under orders.

The centurion who had sent him here on a certain errand knew all this, and knew also that he was quick-witted and loyal and could speak some Gaulish. He did in fact know more of the language of the country than men who had been there longer. He had for some months been very good friends with a Gaulish boy of a native village; they hunted and fished together, day after day. In that wild region there was nothing to distract their attention from learning all they could of each other's ways, which were as different as the ways of two young fellows could well be. Titus had an uncle, now an old man, who had been a soldier in strange countries, and who had always said that success in the service, maybe life itself, depended on knowing everything that could be learned about the people among whom one happened to be.

Even in his short experience, Titus had seen enough to make him believe this. He had an idea that his officer, Fabius, had picked him out just because he knew enough of the language of the Gauls to get on in a strange place. He wished the little Gaul Bibroc had come along; he would like to ask him about a thousand questions.

As it was, knowing nobody on the road and

nothing of the country, the Roman lad kept his mouth carefully shut. He was not dressed as a Roman but as a Gaul, in cap and wool tunic, and native mantle that was just a square of cloth like a toga. This was in order not to attract attention on his journey. All that he need do was to keep on due north, shaping his course by the sun, so many days' journey, into the chief town of the Carnutes. Here he would find a certain priest of the Gauls. He had a letter to deliver to this priest, who would probably give him an answer to carry back. That was all he knew about the matter.

Marcus Fabius, the centurion, who had sent him, knew a great deal more. He knew that at this time of the year an important assembly of the Gaulish priests would take place in the centre of Gaul. The chief Der-oid, or wise man, would naturally be present. He dwelt in a place much further north, so that if the letter found him here it would save the messenger many days' journey and possibly much danger. Fabius did not know much of the northern tribes, and the one of which this particular Druid was priest was on the frontier, close to the fierce Teutones and Kymri. Among so many Gauls from different parts of the country, a youth of foreign birth, in the dress of a native, would not be noticed even if he did not speak

the language very well. There were many languages in Gaul, not wholly unlike, but varying so much that a person from one tribe might find it hard to talk with one from another tribe. Moreover, at a time like this everybody would have something else to think of besides wondering about a single stranger among all the moving hundreds. The boy would be all right when he found the priest to whom he was sent. If he found any priest, and said that he had an errand to the High Priest of the Oak, he would be safe enough.

These things gradually dawned upon Titus as the number of travelers increased on the rude trail he was following. It gave him a very odd sensation, all the same, to know that he was now outside the reach of Roman law and Roman power. The Romans had not yet made southern Gaul their own, and named it *Provincia*, The Province, as they called it when it was the first of their possessions in Gaul. They had not conquered any part of the country. They were in Gaul now only because the Greeks of Narbonne had been so bothered by raids from the barbarians that they had begged Rome to send troops to help them. The Romans went the more willingly because their own country had suffered from attacks of the fierce northern Gauls beyond the Apennines. That was why

Fabius and his men were encamped in Gaul, and not in Africa or somewhere else, fighting some other enemy of Rome.

It occurred to Titus as he marched along with the long even stride of the trained soldier, to wonder what the gods of this strange land were. He had never talked with Bibroc about that; neither had he ever told Bibroc about the Roman gods. He did not think that the boy would understand. How could a lad in a marsh village in Gaul imagine a temple with statues and altars, a procession through stately city streets in honor of Apollo or Jove, the passing of the car of Vesta with the holy maidens who tended the sacred fire? What kind of priests did these people have? What sacrifices did they offer? He remembered horrible stories of the Punic (Carthaginian) gods, Moloch and Astarte, and it came over him that he did not in the least know what he was going to see.

A modern traveler, making such a journey, would have been at least as much concerned with wondering where he would sleep or what he would find to eat. But these things did not worry Titus. He was used to making long marches, sometimes on short rations, when necessary. He could sleep anywhere—on the ground, in a hut, on a floor; he had once, as a boy, when chased by wolves, spent the night in

a tree. He had some Greek money, and some little things he could exchange for food. He had in his wallet a good supply of bread,—flat hard cakes like hard-tack, which took up little room and lasted well,—some dates and raisins, and wine in a leather bottle. The forests held game and the rivers held fish, free to any one who could throw a dart or cast a line. But he did not mean to stop for that if he could help it. He would rather push straight through, find his man, and go back to report. It was his first important duty and he was very much in earnest.

The travelers along the way were nearly all men. Women and children sometimes stood watching them, or went with them for some distance at least. One night, when Titus chose his resting place at the foot of a great beech tree, the crowd had so increased that people were camping all around him in the woods, not very near, but near enough to make a subdued hum of life on every side. He was eating his bread and dates, and drinking his wine, when a voice overhead inquired,

“Don’t you find that rather dry fodder? Or is the wine so good that you don’t care for meat?”

Titus looked up and laughed. A broad good-natured face was peering down through the leaves, where a fat Gaulish youth sat dangling his legs. The boy in the tree went on,



"I'll give you some of my roast pig for a cup of your wine, if you say so. How's that?"

The young soldier's mouth watered. He knew what wild pig fed on acorns and beechnuts would taste like. He agreed in the best Gaulish he could muster, and the other landed with a thump on the moss and took out his meat with one hand and his knife with the other.

"Me, they call me Touilou," he said, between bites. "They always did—I was so big and lively."

"My name," said Titus, "is Machay." He gave it the form that Bibroc did. They finished their supper together in most sociable fashion, Touilou talking as much as he ate.

Touilou had been sitting in the tree watching the travelers go by and finally settle like wild things in the woods. He was getting tired of this when crac! along came a lad whose looks he liked and sat down right under him. He himself had come from a hill village only half a day's journey away. He was the son of a petty chief and very proud of it. He was going for the first time to see the Midsummer Day doings under the Holy Oak, the most sacred place in all Gaul. Taking it for granted that his companion knew as much as he did, he talked on. Titus hardly said anything but "Yes" or "I should think so" or "Of course", and learned

a great deal more than he had ever heard before about the gods of Gaul.

He was astonished to find that under different names, they were really quite like the Roman gods. Neither he nor Touilou knew it, but the



land from the Pyrenees to the Danube had once, thousands of years ago perhaps, been inhabited by the same race, with much the same language and customs. It may have been this unsuspected kinship which made Romans and Gauls often get on well together when they came to know one another, as Titus and Touilou were doing now.

Like the Romans, the Gauls had a Sun god and a Moon goddess, a goddess of love and beauty, a god of healing, a god of war, a god of forests. Most remarkable of all, they considered the oak a sacred tree, and this Place of Oaks seemed to be rather like the Alban mountain where the sacred oaks of Rome were. But Touilou said nothing of temples. Were there temples in Gaul? The Greeks had built them to Athene and Hermes and others of their own gods, in Massalia and their other colonies, but Titus, now that he thought of it, had never seen a temple in Gaul. He did not dare ask questions, because then Touilou would know that he was a foreigner and would stop talking. Touilou was telling him all sorts of things he wished very much to know.

Little as Titus now felt that he knew of Gaul, Touilou knew even less of Rome; he knew exactly nothing. After all, Titus reasoned, why should he? Rome was a town in a country Touilou had never visited, on the banks of a river not nearly as large as the Rhône. No Roman had ever come to Touilou's village, and he did not even know he was talking to one now. What did he care for Rome?

Then and there Titus found himself facing a new idea. To the people of any country, their own affairs, ways and thoughts, are more im-

portant than anything else. Touilou considered his own people, their doings and sayings and feelings, the most interesting of all subjects. If he had not got sleepy he would have gone on talking of them all night.

Another idea came into Titus' mind, tagging that one. If he kept on quietly and listened, he would learn much more of Gaul than he would by trying to explain to the Gauls what Rome really was, and how necessary it was for other countries to know about Roman opinions and customs. Fabius, who had learned this for himself, may have foreseen that just these ideas would find room in the mind of Titus before he saw the Roman camp again. Some boys cannot learn anything. When one can, a wise officer will put him in the way of learning.

All the next day the two youths tramped on together. The crowd grew steadily thicker, although even yet it was not what we should call a crowd. It was not all on one road, but moving through the woods, along bypaths, on foot. The road was not so much better walking that one must keep to it; it might be easier to turn off to one side.

Toward the end of the day Titus began to wonder if Touilou would ever run out of things to talk about. The cheerful Gaulish youth seldom had any one to talk to who did not already



know everything he had to tell of his people and his village. There was a great deal more to tell than he supposed there was, until he began to tell it.

Next day Touilou fell in with some other Gauls whom he knew, and Titus lost sight of him. The night was now so brief that it seemed hardly like night at all. In the twilight the travelers entered a forest of oaks—huge oaks, that looked as if no sound of axe had ever been heard there. Sellers of food and wine were gathered along the way, and there was no difficulty in getting enough to eat. Titus made inquiries about Nam-Is, the Druid he sought. He found that there was no chance of seeing him until the ceremonies of Midsummer Day were over.

In those days summer meant not the three months we call summer, but all the time from the middle of March to early fall. Midsummer Day was the middle day of this season, the day when the sun shone longest.

Naomh-ait, the sacred place of the Druids, was always among oaks. Touilou said that in his country it was on a hill where a huge stone of sacrifice was. Much that went on at this gathering of the Druids was only among the priests themselves, but the cutting of the mistletoe was public. Also, at this time those who



had quarrels or disputes to settle brought them formally before the priesthood.

The Gauls counted time by nights instead of days, so that the celebration really began on Midsummer Eve. Bonfires were kindled on all the hills around, twinkling points of flame as if all the stars had fallen from heaven. When these fires were kindled in honor of the Sun, it was done with the firedrill, a pointed stick of hard wood twirled quickly in a hole in another piece of hard wood. The spark that shone out was caught on chaff and thus the fire was born. Perhaps in the very ancient times when the feast began, the people believed that the oak itself was the source of fire, and thus akin to the Sun. The mistletoe, when they found it growing on the oak, may have seemed to them the spirit of the tree, a magic plant, growing without earth, feeding on air. Like the oak, it was part of Druid magic. There were magic herbs also—vervain, roses, orpine, and the flowers we now call St.-John's-wort and London Pride.

The sun came up on Midsummer Day, like gold in the heaven. The people had been dancing and singing old songs around the fires all night, until the flame of the oaken logs flickered down to glowing coals. Now they gathered in a sun-splashed glade near the sacred oak, all very still and silent, waiting. Everything was

very quiet. The birds and animals had been scared away by the sight of so many people crowding into their haunts.

The chanting of the Druids broke forth in the solemn shadows. A long line of white-robed wreath-crowned men, many of them very old, all moving with a beautiful stately dignity, came through the dapple of sun and shade and halted around the great tree. A white linen cloth was held up under the mistletoe by the hands of younger priests, to catch the plant as it fell, for it was sacred and must not be permitted to touch the ground.

The Arch-Druid moved out into the open, and lifted his golden sickle of ancient metal work. Titus could not understand all the words of the chant, but he knew they were magic. Some one said that the name of the tall old priest was Nam-Is.

When the ceremony was over, Titus learned where the servants of the priests were to be found, went there and told his errand. The young priest who listened, hesitated, and then said,

“Wait here. I will see whether our master will receive you.”

It seemed a long time that Titus waited, feeling very young and small, Roman soldier though he was. This great priesthood had a power and a wonder of its own. Because it

was so strange to him, perhaps he felt it more deeply than the Druids' own people.

At last the young priest came back and beckoned Titus to follow him. They went into a sort of temple—a wooden house roofed with boughs. Here stood the old Druid, his dark, sombre, penetrating eyes on the face of the young stranger.

Titus bowed as he would have bowed to a priest of his own city, and taking the scroll from the breast of his tunic, delivered it.

It was written in Greek, which the Druids used when they did any writing. It did not take the old man long to read it. Then he looked at Titus again, thoughtfully.

“You know something of our gods?” he asked.

“A little, Master. I am young, and this is my first journey in Gaul.”

“Are they like your own? I can see that you have been well brought up, and are not like the babblers who have no gods and no faith and no world but this.”

“They are not so unlike as I might have thought.”

“That is what the scroll says,” the Druid commented. “I will send no long letter back to your captain, but I will send this.”

He slipped from his finger a ring, and Titus saw with bewilderment that it was a Roman

signet ring, the stone engraved with the device of the house of Fabius.

"This ring," said the priest, "was given to me as a friendship token before you were born, by a Roman. I am glad to know that he did not forget me, and that his son remembers. Tell him that neither do I forget. We Druids pay our debts even in another world."

With this message Titus went back to his captain.

"You have earned something, O Titus," Fabius said when the boy had told his story. "Now I will tell you what was in the letter. A score of years and more ago my father was taken prisoner, fighting against the Allobroges, and was carried into a far town of the Gauls. Nam-Is was his friend, and they came to know each other as well as men of two countries can. My father helped that tribe to win a campaign against a neighboring tribe, and in that way earned his liberty. I think that he would have been welcome to stay among them, but his heart was drawn to his own place, and he came back again to Rome. When he went away he gave the Druid this ring. When I knew that our Legion was ordered into Gaul I thought that I would make use of that old friendship if I could. I told our general of my plan, and obtained leave to carry it out if I could.

“I wrote to the Druid that our gods and those of Gaul were in many ways alike, and perhaps were even the same under different names—like Mercury and Hermes, Venus and Aphrodite. I said also that we Romans believe in local gods protecting each man’s dwelling place, each town, each spring of pure water. I promised him that if he and his people would be true friends to us, my general would have them allies and not enemies. Thus may we each help the other, and no harm follow. I think that my letter has been well received. Good service was this of yours, my Titus. I also will remember.”

Titus knew without being told, that he was expected to say nothing to his comrades of the matter. This was the first of many such errands for Fabius. The centurion had found a lad he could trust. In time the two knew one another, as men do who have lived and worked together in a strange country, with no one to depend on but themselves.

In later centuries, as the power of Rome grew and her rulers were more and more ambitious, they came into direct conflict with the strong and far-reaching organization of the Druids. In the end, the Druids were wholly swept away. All Roman officers were not as wise as Fabius and his commander, and all the Druids were not as far-seeing and sagacious as Nam-Is. Yet



most of the Roman officials did not trouble themselves about the beliefs of the people so long as there was no disorder, and the gods of Gaul were often worshipped in Roman temples after Gaul became a Roman possession. The Roman was a builder, not a destroyer, and that made the Roman Empire.

## XI

### THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE ROCKS

THE seven-year-old son of the cowherd Briou was lost. All the village was hunting for him. Everybody liked Briou, and because the small boy had no mother he had been brought up as well as possible by all the women and girls in the place. He was an engaging little scamp, merry and nimble, rather small for his age but strong and well-made, with brown curling hair and twinkling eyes. Every animal in the village—cow, sheep, goat or dog—was his friend. He would go off with one or another of the herders and stay all day, coming home at night on the back of the herdsman, clinging to him even when half asleep, with his strong little arms. He must have stolen out before any one was awake, and wandered off alone.

The people of Ar-fearann (the land of high places) were a hardy and courageous folk, sturdy and sure-footed, round-headed and keen-eyed. Hardly anything in the way of hardship or danger or bad seasons troubled them. Plain as their food was they throve on it, and the old women were as fat as if they never did anything

but eat, hard as they all worked. One reason was perhaps that they had good water. People who have pure water to drink escape a great many troubles. They themselves believed that their wells and springs and rivers were protected by the powerful god Mapon. This god healed every sickness, or rather, he kept away disease, which was much better. They were always very careful not to neglect his worship, or economize on the offerings they made to him. Briou the herdsman was a man who never forgot these offerings himself, and had urged his neighbors to be as mindful as he was. This made the disappearance of little Turan his son all the more unaccountable.

Briou had not always lived where he did now. He had been born and had grown up in the village, but when he was a big boy, almost a man, he had gone away and spent some years in travel, and married. No one there had ever seen his wife, or heard him say much about her. He came back when Turan was a baby, and settled down contentedly among his own people.

These people (the Romans called them the Arverni, and the country is now known as Auvergne) were well content with their country and fond of it, though strangers sometimes wondered why. It was a land of high mountains and deep valleys, precipices and blue-black rocks

and thick woods, heavy thundershowers and furious winds that came up all at once. It was in fact a country full of extinct volcanoes; the mountains were pointed like a spike, and called Puys (peaks). The lava-like rocks sometimes stood in ranges of tall columns that looked almost as if they had been cut by hand, but the people had never touched them with tools. Ever since they had known anything about the country, the rocks had been like that. As in most places where there have been volcanoes, the soil, what there was of it, was good.

Briou did not seem quite as much frightened over the boy being lost as one might expect. He was not much of a talker at any time, and he was a brave man, given to doing things rather than boasting, so that it might not be so strange after all. But the women began to whisper stories they had heard from their mothers, and their mothers' mothers, about Dracs and Fades and the Loup-Garou—the water spirits and the fays and the werewolf—and wonder whether they should ever see little Turan again. They did not quite dare to speak of these things aloud. There was no use in making Briou feel any more dread and grief than he must be feeling already. Also, it was just as well not to talk of invisible beings or sprites of any kind too loud, or they might think themselves called, and come. Also,

the good and kindly god of the waters might be offended if they doubted his power. But as the morning wore on, and nothing could be discovered, the whispers got louder and some of the people began to think they ought to talk to Briou.

They were just about to do this when he came down the path from his hut, and spoke to them instead.

“I am going,” he said, “to make offering at the holy well to Mapon the god of our people, and ask him to return my son, or guide me to the place where I may find him. Let no one come with me, or follow me. If I do not come back, mourn not for me, for if I have no son, what is my life to me?”

Some of the women thought he might have remembered that he could marry again and have other children, but none of them said anything. They stood quiet and watched him stride away toward the spring sacred to Mapon, from which the pure waters flowed down to water their lands, their flocks and herds, and fill their water jars for cooking and drinking, and lave their limbs when they were hot and weary and wished to bathe. After all, if Mapon could not save the child, who could?

And where was Turan all this time?

He had waked up very early that morning,



and lay looking up at the small window of the hut, through which he could see the trees in full leaf, and the birds flying to get food for their nestlings, for it was early summer. He sat up and hugged his knees and listened to the pleasant sounds. Then he heard something like the call of a bird, but not any bird he knew. It came again. Perhaps it was that which had waked him. He got up and slipped out of the door and stood still, listening, and watching for the bird. But from the thicket where the little clear whistle had sounded peered a queer little brown face, like a child's. Then it vanished. Turan scampered in that direction, and the whistle sounded further off. He could never quite catch up. Then he reached the river.

"Hey!" he shouted. "I've got you now!" The slim brown figure of the fleeing strange child dived head first into the water, and Turan after him; he could swim like a frog. No sooner had he dived than he felt a strong small hand holding him by the hair. He was pulled along like a fish, now in the water, now under it, with no chance to cry out. When they were out of sight of the village the other boy let him come up to the surface, but never let go. He swam so fast that in spite of being scared and very indignant, Turan found it rather fun. He had never known any one in his life that had wanted

to hurt him, not even an animal. While this seemed to be rough joking, if it was a joke, he was not really hurt now. He wisely decided to keep his ears and eyes open and see what was going to happen next.

What happened next was that the river entered a deep gorge, and they suddenly dived and came up in a cavelike hole at one side of it. When Turan got his breath he was lying on a pile of something soft covered with sheepskin, and a lovely little woman was kneeling beside him and wiping his wet face and dripping body with soft touches of her little hands.

"Oh, my sweet, my little one!" she said in a voice like tumbling waters, "are you drowned? Are you hurt? I told him to be kind. I told him to keep you safe. There—that is better. Oh, but you are a splendid, brave boy!"

Turan laughed out, his eyes and his whole face laughing in the way that had made the crossdest old woman and the meanest man in the village laugh back at him before they knew. The woman sat back on her heels and laughed too, happily. Then she stood up and helped him to stand, for he was still a little dizzy.

"Come, little Prince," she said, "and see your kingdom."

She led him through a rocky passage to a huge cave or hollow partly open to the sky,



He sat with the lady on a double throne.



where crowds of other little people were gathered, waiting for something. When they saw Turan they shouted. None of them were much taller than he was—four or five feet at most.

“These are your people,” the woman went on, and now he saw that she wore a little crown of gold on her long fair hair, and bracelets on her arms, and strings of glittering colored beads around her neck, and a golden girdle. Her robe was of very fine white linen, and she led him into another rocky chamber and put one like it on him, and a crown on his head. But he would not have the crown because he said it was not comfortable, and she laughed and took it away.

Turan had never spent such a wonderful day. He sat with the lady on a double chair of gold, watching while the people danced and sang and did curious acting which he did not understand at all, for his amusement. None of them could speak his language except the lady who seemed to be a sort of chief among them. They brought him food on gold and silver dishes,—bread, and honey, and fruit, and cream, and delicate white cheese. There was a banquet set in the open air of all these things, and meats and fish besides, but the others ate on wooden plates. Turan sat beside the little queen at the head of the table, and ate off silver and gold.



Musicians played on strange instruments—flutelike pipes, stringed instruments and little drums; it made Turan think of the whirring, trilling music of the crickets and grasshoppers in the pasture of a hot summer day.

But it must not be supposed that he forgot all about his father while he was having all this pleasure in this unknown place. On the contrary! He was so hungry at first that he did not think of much but the bread and honey they gave him when he asked; but then he thought of something else.

“My father does not know I am here,” he said. “He will miss me. He will not know what has happened.”

“I will send some one to tell him,” said the queen, and then Turan was quite at ease.

Toward night, however, he grew rather silent. He wondered a little why Briou had not come back with the messenger. He and his father had never been separated for more than a day.

He began to think of the village at evening, the cattle and goats coming home from pasture, the smell of the cooking, the singing of the children playing games in the village. He thought of Mother Eda, the kind old woman who nursed all the sick people and knew all the healing plants. He thought of his father’s strong arms.

"Do you think," said the queen, "that you would like to live here and be king of this kingdom?"

"I don't know," said Turan dreamily. "What is your name?" he asked suddenly, for it had just occurred to him that when they asked him where he had been, he could not tell them.

"My name is Abonde," she said. "Do you love me?"

"You are the most beautiful person I ever saw," said Turan, and he put his strong little arms around her neck.

"Little Prince—little Prince," she murmured—"stay here and be my son."

Turan looked at her, knitting his delicate dark brows.

"I am the son of Briou," he said.

"But you can be mine also," she laughed.

"I want to live with my father," he said stubbornly. "Why does he not come to fetch me?"

"How could he?" laughed Abonde. "He could never find the grotto in the cliff. The entrance is under water."

Then suddenly she did not look lovely to Turan, but strange and hateful, and he stood up and looked about him.

"No," he said, "I do not want to live here. I want to go home. If you do not let me go

home Mapon will do things to you. My father will talk to him."

Abonde shivered and looked a little frightened.

"Perhaps there is no Mapon," she suggested. "Have you ever seen him?"

"N-no," admitted Turan, "but my father knows about him." He clenched his brown fists. "And if there were no Mapon, and no gods at all, I would still not stay here away from my father. I will hate you if you talk about it."

Abonde sprang up. "Oh, no, no!" she cried, "do not hate me! You shall go home—you shall go home, when you will. But it is near sunset. Wait—only wait till to-morrow."

"No," said Turan, "I want to go to-night. My father will not sleep until I come, and to-morrow he has to take the cattle to the market town."

Abonde gave a little laugh that sounded sad, and put her hands on his shoulders. She was only four feet high, and she did not have to look down to look straight into his eyes.

"If I could only go with you!" she said wistfully. "But ah, no—I must stay here, and you must go."

"But why can't you come?" cried the boy, clinging to her, for now he felt that he loved her again, dearly. "The people will be kind to

you, and our hut—our hut is the best in the village.”

She shook her head.

“No,” she said, “it cannot be. But perhaps some day—some day you will see me again. When you are a man and have a wife of your own I will come and bless your wedding feast.”

That seemed very far away to Turan, but he nodded, gravely.

“Yes,” he said, “that will be very nice.”

The moon was rising, after all, before Turan saw his father again, for he did not go back the way he had come. A little boat of rushes, woven tight and firm and made waterproof with some kind of pitch, was ready when he and Abonde, with boys carrying rushlight lanterns attending them, reached the river bank by a long winding path. He and Abonde seated themselves in the little craft, which was oval like a basket, and the attendants piped and sang a strange little song of farewell which never quite left the boy's mind. In fact, he never forgot any of the music he had heard, and used to try to play it over on his own little reed pipe in the long days of summer, after he was at home again.

They floated down the darkling river, the silver ripples glinting in the light of the torch fixed in the stern of the boat, the white face and

arms of the little queen fair as lily petals in the gloom. Turan was very silent. He was not sleepy, as he usually was after a long day of pleasuring. It seemed as if he had extra eyes and ears and nerves all over him.

"When you tell your father my name," she said once, "he will understand."

"Can I tell the others?"

Abonde laughed. "Yes—if you like. But they will not understand."

Beside the river, in the moonlight, Briou stood quietly waiting, as he had for hours. Some of the Little People of the Rocks had been swimming alongside the boat, guiding it, and now they brought it to the shore. Abonde slipped into the water as Turan jumped out, and they all disappeared. When the boy looked back, from the shelter of his father's arms, the empty boat was floating downward with the current.

"Oh!" he said! "She is drowned—Abonde is drowned!"

Briou gave a start. "Abonde!" he said. "I thought so. But no, my little one, she has not drowned herself. She is one of the People of the Waters—the Little People of the Rocks—the Old Hill People. Now tell me all that has happened."

Turan told the story as they went back to the village, his words tumbling over each other.



Briou said when he had finished,

“It is as I thought. She is your mother, little son.”

“My mother!” cried Turan amazed. He had always supposed that mothers lived with fathers until one or the other died.

“I meant to tell you when you were old enough,” went on Briou. “Once when fishing I fell from my boat and knew nothing more, having hit my head against a rock, until I wakened in such a cave as the one you describe. I found that in the hidden grottoes and valleys of the mountains there still live some of the dwarfish race who possessed the land long, long ago, before our people came here at all. Most of them have been killed, or run away, but some stayed, and lived in hiding places, stealing a kid or a lamb now and then and gathering treasure from wrecks. They are clever also in metal working. They have their kings and queens, and the lady you saw to-day was the daughter of a chief. Her I loved and married, but I grew homesick for my own land and she would not leave her people. At last I said I would go and take you my son with me, but first she made me promise to marry no other woman, or she would be my death. And indeed I think she would, for the Little People have long memories, for good or evil. But I did not

know they had come back in this part of the country."

Turan told the people of the village that he had been carried off into the hills by the Little People, but he did not say anything about what his father had told him. That was their secret. The old people decided that he must have fallen into the hands of the Dracs and Fades, who let him go because they were afraid of Mapon. This seemed such a good way to leave the matter that Turan let it go at that; he did not like to think that he was different from the other children—although he enjoyed the importance of being a boy who had had an adventure.

But he never forgot anything that had happened, and when he was a man he was sent for all over that part of Auvergne to play his pipes, because the music he had learned from the Little People was so beautiful and set every one's feet to dancing. If he ever went back to visit his mother, he never told any one when he went. He did say to his father once that he would never marry until he found a woman as fair as Abonde. His father said that there were other men, here and there, said to have married fairy brides. Their daughters were fair and clever, especially at spinning and weaving. Turan thought that if he could find one for himself, he would tell her about Abonde. Nearly every

country, particularly a mountain region or one with many rivers, has its stories of Habonde, Mabonde, Queen Mab, Melusine, Undine, or the White Lady. And almost all countries have legends of the Gnomes, Trolls, Kobolds, or Little People of the Rocks.

## XII

### THE GREAT BURNING

ALAIN, the son of Æsona the chieftainess, lay kicking his heels in the sunshine on a little hill, watching the golden waves of wheat ripple in the bright air. It was the time of the year he loved best, the hot, brilliant days when the reaping was to be done. There were no such fields as those of his people, he was quite sure; strangers came from places he had never heard of to buy seed corn. When all the golden grain was laid low by the scythes, and bound into sheaves,—and later, when it was threshed and stored in the barns—and still later when the harvest moon shone over the rich valley—then it was that Æsona's people felt themselves the chosen favorites of the Sun-god.

Alain was twelve years old and felt himself already a man. He was tall and strong for his age, and fair of skin, with blue eyes and bright waving hair like his mother's. Ever since the death of his father in battle, almost before he could remember, when Dokke his sister was a tiny baby, his mother had ruled the tribe, and ruled it well. Such a thing had never been heard

of in that part of the country, some of the people said, when she first took up the tasks her husband had left undone. But some of the old men said that this was not so; that in the country from which they came, many generations ago, the women were treated with respect and their advice was taken. At any rate, Æsona was their own princess, and it was better that she should rule them until Alain was old enough to be a chief, than that any strange man from some other tribe should come in and perhaps make a bad job of it.

They did not have much to do with neighboring tribes, although there was no quarrel between them. Old Gafo the steward said that a long time ago, their forefathers had come into this region from a land somewhere to the northeast. There had been a sinking of the coast and in-rushing of the sea so that they could not stay in their old home. There had been some fighting before they were allowed to settle in the rich lowlands where they now lived, but they had intermarried with the valley people finally, and got on with them very well. In every family, however, there were at least some children with the tall figures, fair skins and bright hair of their forefathers. The men were taller and stronger than most of the Gauls, and had beaten back some raiding parties from the land of



strange tribes beyond the great river with very little trouble.

At this time there were at least fourscore tribes living in the part of Europe called Gaul. Each had its own customs and traditions, its own territory and its own talk, a little different from that of its neighbors. In a general way they belonged to three big groups—one in the southwest near the Pyrenees, another in the middle highlands and along the great western ocean, and a third in the northeast, between the other two and the river Rhine. Alain's people belonged to this last group.

Alain, being a chief's son, knew of course more of these things than most of the other boys in the tribe, and he was beginning to take a deeper interest in them than ever before. He was rather a favorite with the old Druid who was his mother's chief counselor, and the old priest was glad to tell him whatever he wished to know about the history of his family. The Druids of Gaul were a far-reaching society with members in responsible positions all over the country. They knew more about some of the tribes than the chiefs of those tribes themselves did. To become a Druid the young student had to serve an apprenticeship, or training, of about twenty years. During this time everything possible was done to strengthen his memory and

make his knowledge accurate and exact. There were no written records of the laws or history of this association. It was all in metrical chronicles or chants, which had to be learned by heart. In their transactions with other people the Druids sometimes used writing, but not in their own affairs. They depended wholly on memory.

Nam-Is had known Æsona since she was a little girl, and it was partly due to his influence that she had had so little trouble when she took her husband's place, a young woman, hardly more than a girl. But soon the people loved and admired her for her own sake. Alain had never seen another woman like her. He was very fond of Dokke, in a big-brother fashion, but he adored his mother.

Dokke was watching for him, distaff in hand, when he finally came up the long slope to the gates. Even then it was early in the morning; the reapers were only just starting out with the oxen to finish the last of the work. This was one matter in which Æsona's people were unlike others in their ways of doing things. They did not reap their grain by hand. They had ox-drawn two-wheeled chariots with long knives fixed to the wheels, and drove these through the standing wheat. In this way, with a little help from skilful reapers using the hand-sickle, the work was all done in a much shorter time

than it could have been done in the old way, by hand. Of course, they had the advantage of level rich country in which reaping chariots could be used. Such a machine would have been out of the question in little mountain farms with uneven small fields, such as there were in some other parts of Gaul. But here, where their wheat was their wealth, it was a very fine thing. Wheat has to be cut at exactly the right time or it is not much use to cut it at all. If it stands too long the kernels fall out on the ground. If while it is ready to be cut a heavy rain comes up or a gale blows over the fields the whole crop may be ruined. All the strength of all the men of the tribe would have been hardly enough to make sure of cutting such a crop every year, by hand. But none of them dreamed that after their day was over, the world would wait nearly two thousand years for a reaping machine.

Dokke was learning to weave, and she could already spin very well indeed. Her mother had taught her how as soon as her little hands could manage the distaff and spindle. All the girls of the tribe could spin without giving a moment's attention to it, chattering as fast as their tongues would go, singing songs that were as old as their language, watching everything that went on about them. Wool and flax never went to

waste in those thrifty households. They were all spun and woven into webs of cloth for the clothing of the people by the deft fingers of the women and girls.

As soon as Alain came near enough the little girl began to speak. She was looking worried, almost frightened, which was a new thing in her happy little life.

"Alain," she said, "what do you think? Strangers are in our house, and Nam-Is came with them. Mother sent me away and shut the door, and told me to tell you to wait here with me and tell nobody anything, until she sent for us. What can be the matter?"

Alain could not imagine. Nothing like this had ever happened before. Even when news came that the people beyond the river were raiding villages and threatening to do worse, the men of the tribe had simply armed themselves and gone off to settle the invaders, and nobody had had any doubts that they would.

"What were these strangers like?" he asked.

"I don't know; I did not see them, but old Gafo let them in, and he said they were none that he had ever seen before. And you know he never forgets anybody."

Alain felt a cold wind of the spirit blowing from somewhere, chilling him with a queer certainty that something was going to happen.



Perhaps he felt the sharp anxiety of his mother—they were very close to one another—even before he saw her.

It was not long before she came toward them, looking rather grave, but with her beautiful bright head erect, and her eyes as calm as ever.

"My children," she said, "come with me. I have something to tell you."

They went, one on each side of her, and stood close beside her as she sat down in her throne chair in her own private room. She went straight to the point, as she always did.

"I have had word this day," she said, "of a mighty host of enemies coming upon us from across the great river, strangers and barbarians, tribes who go from place to place plundering and slaying. They have horses, and travel swiftly, and they will stop at nothing. I do not know how many of them there may be, but they are a whole nation, moving upon us to seize our land and all that we have, and make us their slaves.

"I have talked with Nam-Is, and he thinks as I do, that it is useless to try to stand against them. He is old, and has seen many such movements of the tribes; he knows the story of many wars. These people will not settle down and plant fields and raise cattle; they rush into the lands of those who do, and rob them, killing



and making slaves. You know, my son, from the tales of our forefathers which you have heard, that even when we came here as strangers we were not as these men. Our folk were driven hither by the will of the gods, and the land is richer for their coming."

"Mother," Alain said as she paused, "shall we not fight these wolves, these wild hogs, these outlanders? Our men will fight to the very last one to keep them back, you know that. Let me take my father's sword and go, mother—I am a man, and I will be your man, from this day on!"

Æsona smiled proudly. "It is good that you say this, my son," she said gently, "but we cannot beat them now. We should only sacrifice our people. We must give way for the time, but not for always. Luckily, the reaping is almost all done. We shall have time, I think, to load the grain and such of our wealth as we can take with us, into carts and save it. While some do this the rest will set fire to all that we leave behind, and to the stubble in the fields. We will drive the flocks and herds before us, and leave nothing for our enemies to find but ruin and desolation. It may be that when they find the land laid waste they will turn from it, for they cannot live without plunder. But if they pursue and overtake us, we will burn the grain

also and sacrifice the beasts, if so we may escape alive. They shall gain nothing by their foray. I have sent men to warn the tribes who are our neighbors, and it may be that if we all join together, we may drive these thieves back to their own place. But now there is no time."

Alain saw, and he had to admit that his mother's words were wise. He and some of the other boys went at once to help the men start the cattle, sheep and goats on the roads toward the hill country where they could be defended; to load the grain, and finally to burn over the fields, and set fire to the empty houses from which the women and children had already gone, taking whatever they could carry of their treasures.

It was not such a difficult thing to move the people of a whole tribe then as it would be now. Their furniture was not elaborate, and they could replace it wherever they were, making whatever they needed with their own hands. They had no great store of food except the grain that had just been reaped, and some dried fruit. Their valuables were for the most part bracelets, necklets, and other jewelry easily carried, and only a few of the wealthiest had much spare clothing. Fortunately, the people of the frontier, who had reason to remember Esona's kindness in a time of flood and famine, had got

wind of the invasion and passed the word from one to another so quickly that there was a good chance that everything would work out right—for Æsona's people. How the invaders would look at it, when they found a barren country instead of a rich field of plunder, was another matter entirely.

In spite of the apprehension and woe they felt at having to leave their beloved home, their fields where they knew every foot of the ploughland, their familiar hills where they had all gone hunting and nut gathering as boys, the men could not help a grim chuckle, every now and then, as they thought how silly the outlanders would look, hunting about for food and shelter in a country they did not know in the least. Some of them wanted to stay and ambush the invaders, but that idea was discouraged at once. There would be fighting enough later for any one who was anxious to fight, in all probability. The important thing to do now was to get away as fast and as far as possible.

Dokke was as brave as her mother and brother. She and the other eight and ten year olds helped look after the babies. Long before a single savage horseman came cantering over the level plain to spy out the country, everything was empty and still and desolate among the blackened ruins of the houses. Even the wild ani-

mals had taken flight from the woodlands, scared by the flames and the unusual noises.

Nobody ever knew what the barbarians did or said when they reached the scene, but that they did reach it, was certain. The last of the men of Æsona's tribe, crossing a little ridge, looked back and saw a long line of horsemen coming up like a cloud on the edge of the world. Alain went up a tall tree like a squirrel and came down as quickly, after one good look at the onrushing horde. The men all saw then that the quicker they traveled the safer they and their people would be.

This hasty flight of theirs, although they did not know it, was only one of many and many tribal journeys from the very earliest times. Sometimes the tribes came back after awhile to their old home, as Æsona was hoping they might do themselves, if their kinfolk and neighbors would help them. Sometimes a tribe found no place in which they could by force or diplomacy make another home. In that case they might be gradually killed off or enslaved, or separated into little groups of wandering families. Now and then a tribe found people of the same blood as themselves, who had been forced into making a migration hundreds of years before.

For a thousand years at least, more likely twenty thousand or even more, waves of new



racés had been sweeping over Gaul, and not always from the same direction. Sometimes they came from the land beyond the Pyrenees, sometimes from the region beyond the Alps,



sometimes from the Isle of the Druids which is now Britain, sometimes in ships from beyond the southern sea. This was only one little local wave, a movement of one tribe in one corner of Gaul. The coming of the strange horsemen was a much greater wave, a movement of a whole



race, from all appearances. Unless the tribes dwelling in the fertile valleys of the great slow rivers, the Seine and the Saône, and the mountain tribes south of them, all joined to drive them back to wherever they belonged, the invaders would have it all their own way.

Æsona and her people knew where they were going, and what they intended to do when they got there. The tribe toward whose land they were heading were far-away kinfolk of theirs. Alouit, a daughter of one of the chiefs, was Æsona's cousin and her playmate when they were both children. A brother of hers, Adouar, was now chief, and Æsona thought he would welcome her and help to form a confederacy against the common enemy. He had the name of being a very shrewd and far-seeing man, and it was certainly to his interest as much as hers to do this, for if the invaders were not stopped they would attack him and his people next. She had sent some of her men ahead to tell him what had happened and offer to carry the news to other chiefs, or to serve under him in any way he thought best.

Also, and this was important, the Druid priests were all acquainted more or less, and Nam-Is was Arch-Druid. These priests were always consulted by the chiefs in time of war. They would help. Their religion as well as

their lives would be in danger if they did not, for the invading race did not worship in the same way at all, and the Druids had no power in their country.

Another good thing to think of was that they had saved all their grain. This would keep them from starving, and the wheat would be valuable for trading if they had more than they needed for themselves—as they always had.

Æsona felt that their gods must be taking care of them. They had always been careful to observe all the festivals, and not to disregard the advice of Nam-Is, and the gods must have known of their piety. It would have been so easy for the enemy to come on them like a storm, without any warning at all, that when Æsona thought of what might have happened, their escape seemed almost like a miracle.

She listened to fragments of the familiar sacred songs singing themselves over and over in her head—songs she had heard ever since she was a baby girl and went with her father and mother to the festivals. “Dun, dun, daragon, dun!” (To the Oak, to the Hill!) “Falla, leir, lu!” (The circle of the Sun, praise!) “Hey, nonni, nonni!” (Hail, O Moon, O Moon!) The words were old and the music still older, and they seemed like the voices of her forefathers telling her to have courage and patience. The

very sun itself was like a friend, and the sun shone everywhere. By great good luck also, the moon was full, and they could travel by night.

Some of these refrains <sup>1</sup> have been sung among the races who once knew the Druids, hundreds of years after the Druids vanished from earth. They have become choruses and catches of folk songs like "Lillibullero," and many of them were known to Shakespeare. It is hard to kill an old song. It seems to have a life of its own.

<sup>1</sup> For refrains evidently derived from these Druid songs, see:

"I Loved a Lass, a Fair One." George Wither.

"Hynd Horn." British Ballads.

"A Carrion Crow Sat on an Oak." (Ballad) One version of this carries the refrain "Derry, derry, derry, dago."

"It Was a Lover and His Lass." Shakespeare: "As You Like It."

"Hey, nonny, nonny." Shakespeare: "Much Ado about Nothing."

## XIII

### THE TOWN IN THE SWAMP

**I**T is not so very hard for brave men to fight, even against an enemy far outnumbering their own forces. It is really not hard at all when they are fighting for all that makes life worth while to them—wives, children, household goods, liberty, as well as their own safety. The real test of courage comes in a siege—“fighting the fight of sit-down,” as the African tribes call it. In a battle every man must fight or run away or be killed, and the chances are that even if he runs away he will be caught and killed in the end. But when the fighting lasts months or years, and no one can say what will be the end of it—when cold, hunger, sickness and petty jealousies waste the strength and drag down the hands of the fighting men—that shows what every man, woman and child, and what the people as a whole, are made of.

Alain saw this more and more plainly in the months that followed the retreat of his tribe from their land. All along the road they were joined by others, driven out as they had been. The stories they told showed how wise Æsona and

her counsellors were, not to try to withstand the enemy without preparation. When the stream of moving wagons, beasts, and foot travelers reached Adouar's chief town the news had flown ahead of them, and that chief and his people were already gathering their forces for war.

But it is no light matter for a half-barbaric chieftain, in a country where the food for each year depends on the crops for that year, to have tumbled in upon him, all at once, a whole population of strangers. It was lucky for Æsona's folk that she was kin to Adouar and that her tribe and his were very much alike in their talk, their customs and their character. It was still luckier that all the grain in both countries had been cut and a good deal of it threshed before the invaders appeared. The harvest, moreover, was unusually good, and with care, they could make it last one year, maybe more. The stubble fields of Adouar's country were soon covered over with families camping in the open air as best they could. But they could not go on doing this forever. Where would they find shelter in the winter?

Alain was old enough to wonder about this, but when his sister asked him where they were going to live, he found no answer. Perhaps they could move into the forest which was not very far away, and build homes for themselves there.



But this was not the answer to the problem, it appeared. Soon after their arrival, word was passed to gather all the tribe for another move. There was a belt of swampy land about a day's journey away, and in the middle of this was a very ancient islet, partly natural, partly artificial. There long-ago tribes had taken refuge from their enemies. It was much older than any other fortress in that region. Perhaps it had been built in the beginning for a refuge from wild beasts, by the first inhabitants. It had not been kept in repair because nobody had occasion to use it, unless it were stray hunters and fishermen. There was not room in the hill town of Adouar for all of his own people to live with any comfort, though they were busily at work strengthening the walls and enlarging the town where they could. But the town in the swamp had once been a large settlement, and it could be one again. Moreover there were fish in the waters, and wild fowl in the woods, and the islet was high enough to be out of the way of flood. Most important of all, it would be almost or quite impossible for any enemy to get at the people of such a town, defended as they would be by water and deep morasses. The horses of this enemy would be of no use whatever in such an attack. If worst came to worst, Adouar and his folk might find a refuge there also.

Æsona knew that Adouar had shrewdly judged the situation and that he was making his guests pay their way, but she also saw that that was all he could possibly do. She called her men together, and she and Nam-Is explained the matter. They were loyally ready to do whatever she decided to be best; they had done some anxious talking among themselves beforehand.

Therefore in course of time the tribe of Æsona, the richest and most respected of the frontier folk in that region, arrived at the borders of an ancient and far-reaching bogland, a network of streams, rank undergrowth, tall strong reeds higher than a man's head, and immense trees. Wild-looking men with untrimmed beards and hair, dressed in skins, were waiting with little log canoes and skin-covered coracles to show the way through the swamp to the half-ruined log citadel. It was not going to be much like their old home.

Dokke felt like crying, but she remembered that she was a chief's daughter, and she began to sing instead. The women and children gathered on the slopes and started their cooking fires, while the men went into the swamp to see what had to be done there. Alain, with his mother, was in one of the foremost boats. The long scythes or sabres that had been affixed to the reaping chariots had been unfixed when the

men left their fields, and sharpened for use as weapons. There was use for all of these in cutting away the tangle of vines and bushes that had overgrown many of the water channels. They would have to manage, somehow or other, to make a canal wide enough to float log rafts



into the middle of the morass, on which could be carried their stores. The marshmen said that this could be done, and showed them where fallen trees could be cleared away and the channel deepened. But even so, it was going to be a risky affair, taking a raft through that twisting water route at this dry season of the year.

At last they reached a point where they could see looming ahead of them a great mass of irregular palisades, fallen logs, and tree tops, and soon they were alongside a broken log platform that had been a kind of wharf. Alain and old Gafo and his son Pol made their way cautiously over it and peered through a gap in the ruined wall. It was a discouraging prospect.

Trees had grown up inside the enclosure; trees had grown in the palisade itself. There was of course no roof; that had tumbled in long ago, rafters and all. In some places where a floor of logs had been built out over the water, it had fallen into holes. Water snakes were living in what had once been the chief room of the only house even partly in shape. However, they could see that this had been a place where people lived in some sort of comfort, and what had been done once could be done again. Plenty of strong hands were ready for the work. There was timber enough in the swamp as soon as they could clear out the canals and get to the trees, and raft them to the islet.

After the work was fairly begun the women helped, leaving the babies in charge of the older girls. Reeds and rushes were woven into mats, or tied in bundles ready for thatching the roof. All looms and distaffs were put aside until everybody had more time. The skins of the cattle



and sheep that were killed for food were scraped and cured for whatever leather could be used for. Meat was dried, nuts were gathered and stored in baskets. Grain was ground into meal and made into flat cakes baked on stones or on metal griddles, so that a supply of food, easy to carry and light in weight, because all the water was dried out of it, might be ready for the fighting men. All the weapons were sharpened and kept sharp. Shoes were made, caps and cloaks were made; grass and leaves were collected for beds. Old Mother Nivo, who knew more than anybody else about roots, and herbs, and berries, and fevers and wounds, took the children on expeditions to gather whatever might be found, to have ready in case of need. She said there were bad spirits in swamps that gave people fever if they were not careful. She was most particular to insist on the proper prayers being made to the Sun-god and the God of the Waters, that the people might be preserved from pestilence.

But this locality was not really so unwholesome as marshlands frequently are, because after the channels were cleared out and deepened there was not much stagnant water. The islet itself stood high above the waters and was in fact a little point of solid rock, or rather a ridge, that split a river in its course. Æsona said that



in the broad slow-flowing river west of them there was such an island, on which was the chief town of the Parisi, a bigger town than this. She thought that the place had probably been chosen because the river surrounding it was a defence. They were really safer here in the swamp than they would have been if they had built a fort in the forest, because a forest can be set on fire. It would be a very difficult matter to burn them out or starve them out here, even if the whole horde of the enemy should overrun Adouar's country. She talked to Alain now as if he were a man, and indeed he felt and worked like one.

Before the autumn rains were due, the log citadel had been put in such repair that it would give shelter to all the people if necessary. It was agreed that they should not all take refuge there unless this had to be done. Booths had been put up on the higher land around the edge of the swamp, and men were working there, building rafts and making boats, and doing other work, while others toiled on the island. Around the edge of the solid ground a palisade of tree trunks set close together had been erected, and on piles driven into the bed of the stream log platforms were built, also defended by palisades. Inside the log wall was built another wall, and around the inner side of this a roof, leaving a space in the middle; then this middle space was

filled in with cone-shaped roofs on higher palisades, making an irregular dwelling that could be divided into enclosures by hanging up woven reed matting, until more substantial walls could be finished. This building was long and rather narrow except in the middle, because it followed the line of the old walls, which followed the outline of the islet. No family could have more than one room, and only the chief's family and a few others had that, when they were all gathered in for the winter. All the provisions that could be thus disposed of were hung from the rafters. The fire was built in the middle of the room and the smoke went up through a hole in the roof. There were also rings of stones and earth on log platforms outside where fires could be made. Aside from the discomfort of the smoke that often filled the houses when fires were built inside—especially if the wind was wrong—there was less danger of flames setting fire to all these thatched roofs if the fires were built in the open whenever they could be. Care was taken never to let the fires go entirely out, and not to let them blaze up unless somebody was there to watch. The tribe had put altogether too much hard work on this town of theirs to risk having it burned over their heads.

The rafts that brought the household goods and the women and children to their new home

in course of time were carefully and skilfully built, but in spite of all their care the men found that it was almost impossible to avoid running aground. If a raft, heavily loaded, should do that it might block the way completely. This was a serious danger.

A council was held among the workers, and various plans were proposed. But most of them had already been tried. Boat building on any such scale as they were now doing it was a new job to most of them. They had not lived near the seacoast or any river commonly used by their people for heavy freight. Even if they had, on most rivers the rafts they had made would have been quite satisfactory. The trouble here was the shallowness of the water. The loads would sink the rude float so low that even if it did not ground, the water might wash over it. That would not be good for grain bags.

Alain had not been at the council—he was only a boy—but he knew what it was all about. When the company broke up, looking worried and perplexed, a sudden idea came to him. He raced over to old Gafo as the old man pulled his axe out of the log where it had been stuck, and began to ply him with questions.

“Did they find out how to lighten the rafts, Gafo?”

“Nobody had any new plans.”

“Do you remember those traders from Karthago who came through, last year?”

“Do I! The rascals sold us so much of their wine that half the town was drunk for a week!”

“Yes, but do you remember the one who was so ready to talk about his country Shaphan his name was? It was when I was making my boat, the way you showed me.”

Gafo began to look interested. “Well?”

“I asked him what sort of boats they had in his country, and he told me, and then he told about other places, and there was one country, I forget what he called it, where he said the rivers were so shallow they could not use boats for heavy freight at all unless they tied blown-up goatskins to them to make them float higher on the water. Why could not we do that here?”

Gafo's eyes widened, and his shaggy brows rose up in two great arches that pushed his forehead into deep wrinkles. He began to grin his slow, shrewd grin.

“By all the gods, young master, I believe you have hit the mark! Now I remember it, I have heard tell of such a contrivance before now, for I have lived a great many years and seen men from many parts of the earth, and they spin strange tales if you will listen. I will go and talk to Pol and the other boat builders, and to

the herdsmen, and do you tell your mother, our gracious mistress, what you have told me.”

Alain's lucky recollection met the case. The skins of goats and cattle, taken off as nearly whole as possible, then sewn together and the openings stopped up with pitchy stuff, all but one, were blown up, making huge buoys. These were fastened under the edges of the rafts and at the ends, until they lifted the clumsy craft so that it rode on the top of the water instead of sinking down level with it. Even when weighted, it was buoyed up in this way until it would float over the shallows, and coracles were always at hand to take off part of the load in case of trouble. By means of this device all the heavy bags and baskets of provisions, chests of clothing, bales of skins and other precious freight, were safely carried over and bestowed on the island of refuge. By the time that had been done the men understood the job well enough to have no trouble with it.

The rains of autumn, setting in, flooded the marsh to a depth that made the buoys unnecessary, but they were cleaned, oiled and put in a safe place for future use. The waters around the swamp fortress were now deep enough to be a further protection against any enemy not provided with good boats. Even then, the enemy would have a hard time getting through the



winding canals without knowing which turn to take. Defenders would be able to fight back at every turn, running and leaping from one high ridge to another, ambushed in the branches of trees, or using arrows and darts and slung shot from boats of their own. Above all it was not likely that the invaders they had seen would bring boats with them, and if they built any, it would be under continual attack from the dwellers in the swamp. For the first time since that day, which now seemed so very long ago, when they had looked back and seen the horse-men coming into their scorched fields, Æsona and her people felt safe.

Now they took a little time to fish, to hunt, to make their buildings more comfortable for winter, to make more weapons and helmets and breastplates, to become acquainted with the people of Adouar, their close neighbors. These neighbors regarded the newcomers with much more respect now that they saw how well they had done their job on the swamp fortress. They, as well as Æsona's tribe, felt far safer to have so strong a place of refuge.

The two tribes mingled to some extent, and by the time of the winter festival, just when the days were shortest and the nights longest, they had become quite friendly. Adouar's men and some of Æsona's had gone scouting from time

to time, toward the eastern frontier, to see what had happened there. They learned finally that the invaders had turned southward, probably in the hope of finding a country in which they could spend the winter and get something to eat. Perhaps if they met with a determined resistance, or if other tribes took the course Æsona had prevailed on her people to take, the marauders might go back to their own place, but they had not done so yet, so far as could be learned. In the spring, if nothing happened, Æsona's men might venture home, plant their grain and begin to rebuild. But they could make no move till then.

It was rather a dismal life, there in the swamp. They had all been used to range among the free uplands, and live in dry houses where keeping warm was easy. The wet chill of this place went to the marrow of the bones, especially the bones of old people. The little children fretted, —some of them were not well. The older boys and girls did not mind so much. They learned to make and manage their own little boats, just big enough to hold one small boatman, to make a weir for fish, to cast nets, set snares and know the ways of the wild creatures. In this the wild hunters who had always existed on the edge of the more settled region were their guides and teachers. After all, one soon gets

used to new conditions, pleasant or otherwise. Alain and Dokke began to feel that they would not have missed this adventure for anything—if they only came out of it and got back to their own beloved bit of country once more.

## XIV

### THE OLD ROAD

**T**HREE thousand years ago, more or less, a road was made through Southern Gaul. It was the first real road, probably, in all Gaul, and it was made by the Phœnicians. They were the first trading nation to go exploring the world, by sea and then by land.

The early traders went by water wherever they could. It is much easier and quicker to take heavy cargoes by sea, or up a river, than to take them on pack animals overland, especially when the country is mountainous and unknown. The Phœnicians never knew, at first, what sort of natives they were going to find in the country to which they sailed, or whether they would have any provisions except what they carried with them from home. Little by little they learned what the world was like, and their galleys went further and further from the little strip of land on the edge of Asia Minor that was their native country. They planted colonies here and there, first on islands or points of land which they could fortify and defend, then in places where they found good harbors—

the largest and most famous of their colonies was on the north coast of Africa and was called Karthago or Carthage. But after awhile they began to venture inland, further and further. They found mines of silver and copper in the country that is now Spain, and mines of tin in the place that is now Cornwall in Britain, and mines of copper and iron in northern Gaul. The metal that they mined had to be brought overland to the coast, where the galleys could load it into their long narrow hulls and take it to the metal workers of their towns. In this way the Old Road was made—by the hoofs of pack horses, the sandaled feet of traders, the bare feet of savages or slaves, and the shod feet of all sorts of people who found the road an easy one to follow.

This road wound along the edge of the wild country not far from the Great Sea, as the Mediterranean was called, curving in and out among the hills, from the passes of the Pyrenees eastward to the great wall of the Maritime Alps. Then it climbed up and up, almost six thousand feet, went through a gap now called the Pass of Tenda, into Italy. It was a trading route binding together three countries, and it twisted and turned like a ram's horn, so that it came to be called the Corniche.

It may once have been much nearer the sea



than it was when it began to be mentioned in history. Rivers rushing down to the sea from mountain regions bring with them soil washed off in the spring floods, and sometimes rocks and boulders. After hundreds of years these form "made land" near the mouth of the river, deltas and marshes and meadows and finally solid ground. The sea is kept back further and further until there is a belt of seacoast where there used to be sea. This sort of thing has happened and is happening in many places, all over the world.

When a road was made by wild men, or traders in wild countries, it was not made in the way we make a road now. To-day men go out in companies to work on the road, blasting out rock here, dumping loads of broken stone there, and making the grade as easy and the road as straight as they can. But when the Old Road was made—and parts of it probably were made by wild men before the traders ever came to Gaul—it was marked out by men's feet, and other feet followed the track, year after year, making it plainer and broader and harder. Such a track never dips quite into the valley where a river runs, because then it would be under water in flood time; it never goes along the top of a hill, because a traveler could be plainly seen against the sky, by any one below who had a

bow and arrow. Also, it keeps a level course as far as possible, instead of going up hill or down, because a few extra rods of climbing with a heavy pack might as well be avoided.

In order to make thousands of barefoot or sandaled men use a road year after year, tramping it hard and firm, it must be the easiest way to get from one place to another. Indian trails and the trails of the bison herds in America were made in this way, and the engineers who laid out the first railroads often found that there was no better way to cross a mountain range than to follow the buffalo trails. Such roads were the Pilgrims' Way from Canterbury to Winchester in England, the caravan road of the tea merchants from China to Moscow, and the Old Road in Gaul.

When the Greeks first came to Gaul the road was about five hundred years old, and they used it, and kept it in repair. Wheeled carts and other heavy traffic began to pass over it, and it did not take the Greeks long to see that people who wish to buy or sell usually come where the roads are good. The Old Road grew more and more important.

Along this road, one fair spring day, Lycon and Alouit with their children and servants were traveling homeward from Massalia. They had been making a visit to Lycon's father,

Crantas the merchant. Some years before, Lycon had taken his family to a new home in a colony of Massaliot Greeks which is now Nîmes. This was a place already well known to the Gauls, for near it was one of the sacred groves of the Druids, Nymet. The Romans afterward called the town Nemausus, and on Gaulish tongues the name was shortened to Nîmes. But when Lycon went there it was not a city, only a charming town, with pleasant houses and graceful temples in the Greek style of building. Some of the men, like Lycon, had married among the Gauls, and most of the children spoke more than one language. Crito and Zoe and Leon and little Rhodope had learned Greek from their father and Gaulish from their mother as soon as they began to speak at all. They sometimes used the oddest mixture of words from both languages, just which they happened to think of. But this of course was when they were quite little. Crito and Zoe almost always spoke Greek now. Alouit spoke it well, but no woman will give up talking and singing to her babies in her mother tongue; and the nurse, too, was a Gaulish woman from the hills.

The traveling carriage was drawn by mules and carried luggage as well as the family; but there was no haste in their journeying, and they had at hand every comfort. There were only

two wheels and no springs to the cart, but a two-wheeled vehicle is easier than a four-wheeled one to handle on a mountain road; and nobody had ever heard of springs. To the children the journey was so exciting and entertaining that they would have liked it to go on forever.

The people traveling were like a great pageant—traders, colonists, peddlers, now and then a gang of slaves. The slaves here were usually captives taken in some war and sold by the victors in some slave market of a big town. When the Gauls fought among themselves—and the various tribes did a good deal of fighting—there was pretty sure to be at the end of the war a new collection of half-barbaric slaves for the Mas-salioi dealers. After all, even from the slave's point of view, it was better to be a servant than to be killed. A slave, if he were strong and clever, could often gain his freedom after awhile. Many of them did. Many others found it pleasanter than they had expected, working for these foreign masters on farms that grew new kinds of things to eat, such as Gaul had never produced.

Zoe was sorry for the toiling galley slaves—her mother had once persuaded her father to buy two of these who were Gauls and set them free. They were now among Crantas' faithful seamen. But the slaves on the farms they

passed seemed to be having a good time. Their jokes and songs could be heard. And how beautiful the orchards looked, with their drifts of white and rose blossoms! And how beautiful they would look by and by, when the trees were loaded with plums and pears, apricots, olives, almonds, apples! And the vineyards—the little nose of Zoe tilted itself like a rabbit's, sniffing the delicate scent of the grape blossoms on the mountain air.

The road wound and sloped and dipped into a valley. Here was a spring, where they always stopped to drink of the pure delicious water. Father dropped a coin into it as an offering to the god of the waters, so as to make sure that they would come to drink again. Of course they always would want to come back, every year, as long as they lived.

Crito was fingering over the coins in his father's wallet. It was queer how Crito always wanted to do that, when they came to this place in their journey. Zoe remembered now, he had done it last year, and the year before that—and the year before that. They had gone over the Old Road twice a year, going and coming, ever since they moved from Massalia. Grandfather always wanted them to make him a visit, every year, and Father had to go at least once to attend to the cargoes from the



galleys, for the traders. It was like a festival, Zoe reflected; at certain points in the journey you always thought of doing certain things; the same things each time. But this year Crito was asking Father questions about the coins.

What a lot of coins Father had in that old wallet of painted leather, and how many different kinds! Zoe peered over her brother's shoulder to see. A few of them she knew, but most of them she did not. Little girls of ancient cities, whether in Gaul or elsewhere, did not have much occasion to handle money. In fact very much less money was handled by most people then than now. So many things could be managed by "swapping" what you had for what you wanted, and so much service was not paid for at all in money, that outside the markets, and aside from the trading routes, there were many places where coins were hardly seen. Their mother had told the children that she could remember very well the first coin of any kind she ever owned. It was a piece of silver, and had on it a funny little figure of an owl, with a branch of an olive tree. She was about Zoe's age then—nine or ten—and she did not know what olives were. How strange that was! Not until Father visited their country, and his men produced from their stores jars of olives and

flasks of olive oil, did any one in that house ever taste either. They didn't like them at first. Alouit's father's old steward said the traders were trying to work off green fruit on them. How funny! Zoe liked olives better than almost anything else,—fresh, or dried, or pickled, she could eat any number. And what good things their cook at home could make, fried in olive oil!

What was Father saying? Why! There was a silver coin just like Mother's—she still had it, pierced and hung on a neck chain. The owl was the bird of Athene—of course they knew that—and the olive branch was put there because it was sacred to her: besides, Greek olives were the best in the world. Coins like these had been made ever since nobody knew when. They had to keep on using the old design, because in countries where Greek traders went, sometimes the people would not take a coin with a picture on it that they did not know.

How did they come to think of making coins, anyway? Why not use a piece of metal? Crito was asking about that.

Father looked down at the boy's serious, intent face, and smiled a little. He seemed to like to have Crito ask so many questions.

"They probably did, at first," he explained. "But it would be easy for a dishonest trader to scrape off a little of the metal and keep it. If

he did that often, he would have enough gold or silver to make it worth while to go on doing it. Then by and by people would be suspicious and would not trade unless the money was



weighed, and that would be a nuisance. Besides, scales can be made to weigh wrongly by using false weights, and most of the people with whom the trader dealt would not have scales.

“I suppose that when they found that they were losing custom, some of the merchants put

their heads together and went to the king, or the chief priest, and suggested that the pieces of gold and silver should be weighed and stamped with the head of some god on one side, and some other design on the other, and made exactly alike. In that way, none of the metal could be cut away without the coins showing it, and it would be easy to compare one with another and make sure they were all the same. See—here is a stater of the city of Corinth with Athene on one side and the winged horse Pegasus on the other, and the letter Kappa to show where it was struck. And here is a stater of Amphipolis with a head of Apollo, and a gold stater of Rhodes with the head of the sun god and a rose and bunch of grapes on the reverse. The Gauls said when they first saw it that it was a head of their god Belen, their Sun-god.”

“What’s this one?”

“That is very old. It is a silver didrachm of Ægina, and it has a tortoise on it because the tortoise is a beast of Astarte, the goddess of trade among the people of Carthage. That one? That is a stater of Carthage. See the lion and the palm tree?”

The collection of coins lasted for miles and miles. Crito seemed never to tire of looking at them and asking about them. It was just as well that he should, because any sort of coin

would pass in trade, anywhere, for something. There was no changing money at the frontier because the money of one country would not be good in another. It was necessary to know what each coin was worth, and hardly any two of these were alike. There was even some Gaulish money, and some old leather pieces, or "tokens" used by Phœnician traders, which were used among themselves, but not received very trustfully by other people, even barbarians. Among the wild tribes, beads and other trinkets had come to have a certain value in furs, or grain, or slaves, or produce of any kind. But it was coming to be understood that trading with money had advantages that swapping did not. Money would not spoil, no matter how long it was kept; it was not bulky and it was easy to carry.

"My cousin Æsona has a coin that she has kept as long as I have mine," said Alouit after awhile. "It has a little seal on it. We puzzled so many times, wondering what kind of beast it could be, half dog and half fish."

"It must have been a very old Greek coin," said her husband. "When the Phocians first made coins they were like that."

A little while after this, as they were having their supper at an inn, a tall, fair boy who brought them their wine caught the eye of



Alouit. She gave a little start, leaned forward, gasped and turned pale. Then with a hurried word to her husband, she beckoned the boy nearer and spoke in Gaulish.

“Where,” she said, “did you get that amulet?”

She called it an amulet or charm because she was not sure that a slave, such as he seemed to be, would know what a coin was. But he answered like a flash,

“The coin was given to me by my mother Æsona before I went to fight against the barbarians.”

It was a battered silver piece with a small fur seal stamped on it.

Alouit leaned forward, her white hands tight clasped, her blue eyes bigger and brighter than the children had ever seen them.

“What has happened?” she asked. “Æsona was my cousin and playmate when we were children.”

The lad bowed low. “I think,” he said, “that you must be the Lady Alouit my kinswoman. My name is Alain, and being the only son and so looking forward to being chief some day I could not wait in safety while our men went to war.”

“Yes, yes, I know—of course.” She put out her hand and drew him nearer. Lycon and Crito and Zoe crowded up, as deeply interested

as she. Alain told her in brief words the story of the moving of the eastern tribes upon them, the retreat of his people and their life in the swamp, and the expedition of their men and Adouar's against the invaders. The enemy had joined forces,—those of them who had not gone back to their own country,—with the Remi, a tribe of Gauls who had always had a grudge against Adouar since he had outwitted them in making a treaty. This accounted for the fact that nothing had been heard here of the events of the past year or two among Alouit's kin in the north. Alain had been taken prisoner along with some of the men and boys of both tribes, and promptly sold as a slave. In talk with other slaves he learned that the inn was on a road between Massaliot cities, and that Lycon the trader was well known there. But he had not expected anything more than that perhaps, by good fortune, he might get speech with the Greek or send word to him somehow. Perhaps Alouit for the sake of her old friendship with his mother would at least take him into her house and give him a chance to earn his freedom.

But now all was changed. Lycon sent for the innkeeper and after a little bargaining paid down the boy's ransom on the spot, and also that of two other men taken at the same time, who were Adouar's tribesmen.

Although he and his comrades had been captured Alain believed that the Remi and their allies had got very much the worst of the fight, and that the barbarians had been driven back for the time. But he had no certain information. Lycon said that when his trading parties came back, perhaps before that, he would be able to find out more than he knew now. If possible he would find a way to send Alain back to his own country. Perhaps he could get word to Æsona soon; they would see.

It had all happened as suddenly as the coming of the invaders. Alain could hardly believe it. He went for a bath in the stream as soon as he could get away, and dressed himself in the clothing Lycon gave him, and rejoined his kinfolk as handsome and strong and dignified a young cousin as they could have found anywhere. He could even speak some Greek, although this was not necessary. The children were so excited that they were sure they would not sleep a wink—all but little Rhodope, who did not know what all the talk was about. But of course they did sleep, and had to be waked in the morning for breakfast.

## XV

### A BRONZE PIN

WHEN Alain had been for a week in the Gaulish-Greek colony where his kinfolk lived, he began to feel that perhaps it was a fortunate accident that he had been sold into slavery. When he was taken captive he had made up his mind at once to keep his wits about him and not to give up hope, and had counseled his fellow captives to do the same. All the way down the great river he had watched the landmarks and the banks and the people, and thought that if he could get away he should know how to find his road home. All that he had learned about building and managing boats, getting about in marshes and bogs, the making and the use of weapons and the equipment of men for long marches, in the last year or more, would be good to know now.

With the rapid increase of travel on the great road, shrewd men who understood making travelers comfortable had seen that inns would be needed, and here and there, in convenient places, had set up taverns for the entertainment of all kinds of wayfarers who could pay for their

cheer. They did not all want rooms and meals; in fact very few of them did. Wealthy people usually stayed with friends. Most of those who spent the night within the tavern were content to sleep on the floor in the one big room where food was served, or on the ground in the courtyard. The greater number of them were traders or pedlers, some traveling afoot, with packs or panniers on their backs or on the back of a donkey; some with several pack animals and servants. They usually preferred to sleep on a pile of straw close to their goods, to make sure that no thieves got at them.

Indeed the main reason for lodging at an inn at all, with most of these travelers, was that the inn had a wall around it and its stable yard, high and strong enough to keep out robbers, and with only one gate guarded by a porter. The traders and the servants at the inn, if they were all armed, could defend such a place easily against any band of marauders in that part of the country. Consequently the inn was not likely to be attacked.

Most travelers carried provisions enough to live on for some days if necessary, but when they could, they were usually glad to buy cooked food and wine and other things to eat. The innkeepers would either serve these at table or sell them to those who would rather serve them-



selves where they were encamped. In stormy weather a tavern like this was often filled to its capacity. When travelers do not insist on separate rooms and furniture, or even beds, it is surprising how many people can be crowded into such a place. In fine weather like this, a large company of traders, strong enough to take care of themselves, might camp in the open air and buy what they wanted of the innkeeper. At that time it would have been folly for anybody to attempt a long journey, who could not if necessary spend the night out of doors and sup on bread and water. But on such a road as this, inns were so soon established that no traveler needed to do that if he had any money at all.

This tavern keeper, visiting Massalia to lay in some luxuries for the coming season, saw the Gaulish captives in the slave market, and picked out three who were evidently strong young fellows and looked intelligent, while one was really very good looking indeed. He was not anxious to sell them again so quickly, but he could get more slaves, and the Greek merchant gave him a price that made the trade profitable. Alain had not been there quite a year, but he had learned a great many things that he never would have learned at home, and his strength and willingness and quickness to learn made people treat him well.

He was thinking of all this as he strolled about the town with Crito, who was only too glad to tell him about everything. The houses, the gardens and above all the temples were quite new to Alain, for he had not seen much of Massalia in the few days he was there. The chief temple interested him more than anything else, and he stood and looked at it a long time.

It was of wood, but not like any wooden building in his country; it looked almost like stone, so carefully was it shaped and finished. It was oblong in shape, surrounded by a porch whose roof was supported by grooved columns; the roof was gabled and not very high-pitched; three broad steps led up to the entrance at the end. Crito said that it was like the marble temples in Athens, and that some day, perhaps, a marble temple would replace it. The Greek temple never changed its form. Within was a statue of the goddess, in ivory and gold. The houses of the principal colonists were built in much the same fashion, with pillared and gabled fronts. The whole town had a graceful and attractive look; all the trees were planted in just the right places, and the dress of the Greeks was simple but well designed. Even their ornaments were not like the gaudy, grotesque and brilliant gewgaws of the Phœnician traders' packs, nor were they like the heavy metal

bracelets and torques made by Gaulish metal workers.

The Greeks were a light-hearted and quick-witted race, fond of gossip and merriment, and



if any wandering singer came into the market place with his harp, there was always a crowd listening to his long story-songs of gods and heroes. On holidays there were always games, and some of them, like racing, wrestling and

throwing quoits, were familiar to Alain. The Greeks could cook and serve food in many ingenious ways, but usually their living was simple. They rarely overate or got drunk. All through this warm and sunlit country were Greek colonies, and in some of them Gauls and Greeks were living together. The two races had much in common.

Alain did not like to see his own people serving as slaves in the foreign houses, even where they were well treated, as they usually were. He became acquainted with some of them and learned to make himself understood by them even when they spoke a different dialect from that of his tribe. He also learned more and more Greek, for they all spoke a little of that.

He was seventeen now, but older than his years. He thought much about the future. He knew more now of the size and importance of Gaul than he had ever suspected there was to know when he lived at home with his mother. What was going to become of all these Gaulish tribes in the end? These Greek strangers were rich and powerful, although they were more inclined to trade than to warfare. All along the eastern side of Gaul, the country was inhabited by tribes of unknown outlanders, many of whom were savage and aggressive. Worse than all that, the Gaulish tribes were not at



peace among themselves. If any of them sided with the enemy—and sometimes that had happened—it would mean some day that they themselves would be killed off, or driven out, or made slaves. But even if all the Gaulish tribes joined together and stood firm against the enemy, could they hold him back? That question would have puzzled a much wiser and older man than Alain or anybody he knew, at the time.

It is a mistake to suppose that a person who cannot read, and has never known anything about books, is not able to understand and reason on that account. Alain listened to travelers' talk and asked Lycon and Crito a good many questions. Although he had never seen a map in his life he had a very fair map of the Rhône valley and the Mediterranean coast in his head, before the summer was over. He knew now that east of the mountains the Old Road crossed, there lived a people called the Romans, who were powerful in their own land, and excellent soldiers. They had beaten back the strong tribes of Teutons and Kymri more than once when these came down over the mountains to plunder their towns. But one thing that had done more than anything else to make Alain see how serious a danger threatened Gaul was, that these wild tribes had once been able to force their way



into the Romans' country and it had taken much hard fighting to dislodge them. Lycon told him that.

He remembered now that Nam-Is had spoken of the Romans. He said they were brave and wise; he had known well one Roman captive many years ago. Their gods were not unlike those of the Gauls; perhaps they were the same gods under other names. Mothers are mothers and fire, fire, although the names are not the same in all languages. Would the Romans come to the rescue if they were asked? He asked Lycon about that. The Greek said that it had been done. The Massaliots had sent word to the Romans more than once asking for help against barbarians swarming over the mountains, and Roman troops had come to their aid. Some of them were still encamped in Gaul. Alain thought that he should like to see what Romans were like.

Now the traders were beginning to come back from the north, from their summer journeys, and also Gaulish trappers and hunters were appearing now and then with whatever they had to sell. In dealing with these Lycon made use of Alain in various ways, sometimes in handling goods, sometimes to interpret for him when the Gaulish customer did not seem to understand. The traders from the Rhône valley brought word that the country up there

seemed to be quiet for the time. One of them had gone as far north as the upper waters of the Saône and met some of Adouar's people, and sent word by them that Alain was with his kinsmen. Bibroc, a little round-headed, brown Gaulish beaver-hunter, knew something about Romans, for he had acted as guide and hunting companion for one. Alain had a good deal of talk with him, first and last.

Bibroc said that there was a place somewhere near his village, where many springs bubbled out of the ground, and were said to be healing to various diseases. The Roman camp was there; these Romans had a great liking for places where they could bathe. Titus, the young Roman who had been friendly with Bibroc, was always stopping somewhere for a swim, and he would take care to build a fire when Bibroc would not think of bothering with one. He said it kept the demons of the marsh away. Funny people, these Romans, funny people! But they could fight, oh, yes, they could fight! Bibroc had seen them. And they could build roads and bridges. Titus said that when the Romans made a road it did not twist all around, up hill and down, like the Old Road; it went straight to whatever place it was going to, through hills and across bogs and over rivers. This, to Alain, who knew something about

trying to make a solid foundation in a swamp, seemed the most wonderful thing of all. Fighting was more or less a matter of superior weapons; he had seen that too. But a road through a swamp—

“If you don’t believe me,” said Bibroc, “come and see. They built a bridge that I think will last forever, out of tree trunks, just to save themselves the trouble of going a mile down stream to the ford.”

Alain talked with Lycon, and decided to go. Lycon thought this would be a good chance to become friendly with Bibroc’s people as well as to see what the Romans were doing. When Bibroc started for his own valley Alain went with him.

The bridge was all Bibroc said it was, and under it, fishing in the little river, sat a young Roman who was Titus Macer. He and Alain looked each other over in the first five minutes, and each liked the looks of the other. After they had talked awhile Alain mentioned the name of Nam-Is the Druid and found that Titus had met him. The Roman found the young Gaul interesting. He was far superior to most of the Gauls Titus had known, in character and brains. It ended in his being invited to come to the camp and meet the centurion Fabius.

Fabius was trying to get together facts enough

to make an argument that he could present to his general. He believed that with tactful management and practical wisdom, the Gauls could be brought to let Rome govern their territory, or most of it, enroll themselves in the Roman army and join with the Romans in keeping the country in order. He knew that the only chance of doing this was to become friendly with individual Gauls and learn to know the land thoroughly. It might take some years, but if, when the time came, Rome wanted a man in command who could range the Gauls on her side instead of the side of the enemy—whether the enemy were Carthage or any other—Fabius meant to be that man.

The more Alain saw of these two young men, the more he was inclined to think that their help would be worth having. He promised that if he could get back to his own country again he would talk to his mother, and he believed that she would think as he did.

“That is good,” said Fabius with a smile. “And now I want to hear more of your country and its ways. I saw you looking at my sword. Do they have swords like that among your people?”

“No,” said Alain, “ours are iron. The edges sometimes turn and have to be straightened again after a fight.”

"That must be troublesome."

"It is."

"How are they made?"

Alain knew all about that; he had helped in the making of the new weapons that had been made ready before the men went out to war. He explained that the sword was really hard iron, with an edge of soft iron which if bent in a fight could be straightened out again by hammering.

Bronze also he had helped to make, for in the haste of preparation every kind of weapon might be of use, and some of the women's ornaments had been melted up for this purpose. They had no proper furnace, but old Gafo had directed the building of a raised hearth, surrounded with a low stone wall, in which to smelt the copper, and they made clay crucibles and used some old stone moulds for casting, which Adouar's metal workers had had for ages. Halberds, axes, knives, and short swords were cast in these. When Alain was taken captive his weapons, of course, had been taken away from him, but he had something that would show what kind of work his people did. He put his hand in his bosom and brought out a small bronze pin.

It was made like a modern safety pin or brooch, with three parts: the bow or arch, the spring and the pin, the bow ending in a clasp.



In this pin the bow was in the shape of a narrow leaf like an olive leaf, and the clasp was cunningly ornamented.

"That is very good work," said Fabius when he had examined it. "I suppose you would not like to part with it?"

"I was just about to say," said Alain, "that I should like to give it to you if you would care to have it. It may serve as a token between us, that if you send a message to me the messenger will show me the pin as proof of good faith."

"Then," said Fabius smiling, "I must do as much for you."

As he rose to rummage in his camp equipage for the gift, Titus came up and said respectfully, saluting:

"The messenger is ready, O Fabius, to take the letter you desire to send to our general."

"Ah, to be sure. Wait till I seal it." Fabius heated the dark red wax over a hot coal, dropped it on the edges of the scroll, and sealed it with his signet. "Now that is off my mind." He turned again to Alain, who looked on curiously. "You see this is the device of my house," he went on, showing the little engraved boar's head on the stone set in his ring. "When I stamp it on the wax it is proof that the letter comes from me. Also, no one can open the letter and seal it up again without its being discovered."

"That is a very good plan," said Alain gravely. He had never happened to see any one seal a letter before. Lycon's business did not require much correspondence; he dealt mostly with people who could not read or write, and during the season when Alain had helped him in the warehouse these transactions took all of his time.

Fabius took from a leather bag a small pin, very much like the one Alain had given him. Instead of the leaf-shaped ornament on the back, there was a little enameled head of a long-horned ox, red with gold horns and eyes. He held it out to the boy.

"This for remembrance," he said cordially.

Alain's face lighted up as he took the trinket; he looked almost as pleased as a girl, Fabius thought. But the Roman was not prepared for what followed.

"Is this one of your gods?"

"Not exactly," said Fabius, "and yet it has a particular meaning. You see, we Romans," he went on, watching the young Gaul's face closely, "were farmers before we came to Rome, and we have never forgotten it. Our forefathers used to hang on the wall of the temple the skulls of the cattle we slew in sacrifice, and on festival days our maidens hung garlands from the horns. And we have carved bulls' heads on our temple

walls to this day, and a feast each year in honor of the god who protects the herds."

"The bull's head is one of our sacred ornaments too," said Alain. "My father's helmet which my mother keeps in his memory until I am chief, is of the old pattern, with two horns, and it is of old workmanship, how old we do not know."

"That is very interesting," said Fabius. "I should like to see it."

Alain was turning the pin over thoughtfully; he seemed to have something else in mind. "Could not this," he asked, "and the leaf on the other pin, be used as a seal?"

He used the Roman word "fibula" for the pin, and the word "sigilla" for the seal, although he had just heard these names for the first time. Fabius laughed delightedly.

"To be sure!" he said. "I never thought of that. Thus we need not send the token itself, but merely the mark of it in wax, or clay, or whatever will keep the impression. That was the only pin I had with a bull's head, so that it shall be for a private sign between us."

He called one of his men and told him to get from the cook provisions for Alain's journey home, and they parted with warm good feeling on both sides. As Alain took his way home his mind was swarming with new ideas as bees

swarm in spring. He could see how messages could be sent by using the fibula as a seal, in a dozen different ways. Some weeks later, a letter from Lycon came to Fabius, with presents; jars of olives and honey, a bag of almonds, leather bottles of oil and wine. Each of these was sealed with the sign of the bull's head.

Fabius called Titus to look. "That Gaulish youth," he said meditatively, "is good metal. I hope there are others among the young Gauls who have as much sense as he has. Now his Greek kinsman writes that they are to be in Massalia about the ides of March, with Crantas the merchant, whom you know. He thinks it might be well for me to go there and talk over some plan of aiding the Massaliots and their friendly neighbors among the Gauls, against their enemies. If we can only get a hold on the Gaulish chiefs I believe we can keep these Goths beyond their mountains."

## XVI

### THE WEAVING WOMAN

IT was about the time of year when the horse bells of the dark traders usually came chiming over the Pyrenees, but they seemed to be a little late. They had always stopped at the village of Mel-dune since that first time they came, and gone on up the river along the same route. Brosso knew that, and so did the chief,—Brosso always went on a hunting expedition and kept track of the strangers for several days' journey until they reached a part of the country where Mel-dune was not known.

They once used to keep on eastward along the old road near the Mediterranean, and over the high mountains at the end of it into Italy, so Shaphan had once said, but that was before the Greeks took to living along that route and grabbing all the trade for themselves. Also, it was before Rome and Carthage were at swords' points, as they had been for many generations now. Shaphan said that his people and the Gauls had been allies in more than one war, and Garo sometimes wondered if he was trying to coax Mel-dune and the other chiefs of that region into another alliance.



Garó was almost a man now, and Lutin was the prettiest girl in the tribe. She was also the cleverest; she knew how to spin and weave better than any of the other maidens. The envious ones whispered that it was because her grandmother was one of the fairy people, the old race who had now disappeared from the land. Garavon had not always lived in the village; he had come there as a young man, and quickly become popular because he was so good a hunter and his wife was so kind a neighbor.

Garó and Lutin had always been immensely interested in the visit of the Phœnicians, but last year they had not enjoyed it quite as well. Shaphan was now the head of the troop, and he seemed possessed by a desire to seek the company of Lutin, who did not care for his attention at all. Since she had learned to weave, and had even been making up patterns for herself in weaving and in embroidery, she did not admire the gaudy painted cottons of the pedlers as she did when she was a little girl. She could see that beside the fine soft wool cloth and linen her mother had taught her to make, they looked flashy. Moreover, she was sure that some of the patterns had to do with gods quite unlike the gods of the Gauls, and she had heard the women say that it might bring bad luck to have the foreign gewgaws and vestments in the house.

Lutin did not much believe that, but she did not want them for herself. She told Garo so when he asked if he should buy her anything.

Shaphan had only laughed, and did not seem offended. On the contrary, he said most flattering things about Lutin's spinning and weaving, and offered to bring her some of the dyes used by his people. They were the only race that had the secret of the famous Tyrian purple, really a crimson, which was so costly that only kings could wear it. Lutin smiled and said she was not a queen, and liked her mother's dyestuffs made of moss and plants and special kinds of earth, quite well enough. That was another kind of work in which the wife of Garavon was very clever.

Sometimes, after the traders had gone, Lutin wondered whether Shaphan could possibly have any idea that he wanted to marry her. She hoped not. She did not believe her father would consent to anything of the kind, but you never could tell. A girl did not always choose her own husband in those far-away times, and Shaphan was rich. If the dark strangers ever came with an army again to Gaul, even Meldune might not be able to protect any maidens they wished to carry away. It made Lutin very uncomfortable when she thought of it, and she thought of it as little as she could.

She and some of the other girls went out one day in early summer, or late spring, to get flowers for garlands, and plants, and dyestuffs, some of which were at the proper stage for storing at this time of year. They were to be out all day, and they went quite a long distance—almost as far as Lutin and Garo had been on the day they first met Brosso, and the cave hyena. Some of the men of the tribe were also out that way, fishing the river, and they would probably all come home together. There were no fierce animals roaming about anyway, and the neighboring people were friendly.

Lutin thought that while they were so near the caves she would go up there and see if there were any more of the painted pebbles left. She had never quite got over a childish feeling that they must have been made by the fairies. She had never said so, even to her brother, or her parents, but they were so different from anything else she had ever seen that they always seemed to her like charm-stones.

She crept into the cave quietly, none of the other girls knew anything about it; and stood upright. It was all very much as they had left it; and she poked about carefully in the drifted leaves and twigs. Yes, there were some of the pebbles still left, buried in the dirt that had sifted in, like eggs buried in ashes to cook.

She gathered them up; one, two, three,—seven of them in all, and every one different. She put them in the bag she carried, packed in among the plants and colored earth, and started to crawl out of the cave.

Just as she emerged and was about to stand up, a heavy cloak or blanket was thrown over her head and she was snatched up and carried swiftly away. She could hardly breathe, for a strong hand was pressing the cloth down over her mouth, and it was wound around her so that she could not struggle. She was carried down hill, she thought, for a long distance, put on a horse and taken at a trot along a river bank. In spite of the covering she could hear the sound of water, and once the horse stopped to drink.

Were the fairies angry because she had taken their stones? Lutin believed that there were such beings among the rocks and in the rivers; there were all sorts of stories about them which were told beside the winter fires. But she had never known of their harming any of her people within her recollection, and she had not heard the story about her grandmother belonging to these ancient folk. Somehow Lutin did not believe that the fairies had anything to do with this matter. She had never, now she thought of it, heard of their having any horses. The Phœnician traders were the only horsemen she knew.

She remembered Shaphan and turned cold with terror. Would he dare to steal her away like this?

But when at last, half senseless with fatigue and fright, she was lifted off the horse and her wrapping was unwound, there was no man to be seen. She was in a cave, but a much larger one than that where the pebbles were, and it had been cleared of all débris and furnished in a rude fashion. There was a fireplace, and a hole for a window, and beside the window was a loom, and on the wall hung a distaff. A small old woman was lifting an earthen pot away from the fire.

Lutin felt a little comforted. There was a woman here, that was better than being alone with a lot of strange men in their camp; and she was Gaulish, if looks and costume told anything. She had a little fine white kerchief tied closely over her head, and another about her neck; she wore a gown of fine brown wool the color of dead leaves, and a shawl of bright plaid wool was thrown over the back of a rude wooden seat. The old woman's face was brown and wrinkled, and her eyes were hazel-brown and very bright. She did not look like an unkind person, at all.

"Who are you?" asked Lutin in a small frightened voice just above a whisper.





A small old woman was lifting an earthen pot.



“They call me the Weaving Woman,” was the answer. “Don’t you be scared, my pretty child; nobody’s going to hurt you.”

“Then why did they carry me away?” asked Lutin piteously. “Where is this place?”

“As to that,” said the woman, stirring the contents of the pot, “I cannot tell you. I have never known just where it is, myself.”

This was queer, and not encouraging. What could it all mean?

“You’d better have some broth,” the old dame added, “you must be half starved. They say that no one can make such good stews as I do, but they bring me the best of meat and roots to cook with, that’s one reason. There now, cheer up and eat your supper, that’s a nice girl, and then you shall lie down on this soft bed and sleep as long as you like.”

Lutin was really very hungry, and whatever happened, she knew she would have to eat. She took the pretty bowl of fine pottery into which the woman had ladled out the choicest morsels in the big pot, and began to eat with a beautifully made little silver spoon. There were crisp cakes baked on a griddle before the fire, and served in a flat plate of the same ware as the bowl. There were berries, and goat’s milk cheese, and a horn cup full of some sort of drink made of honey. When Lutin had

finished she lay down on the couch and was covered with a blanket. Before she knew it, she fell sound asleep while she was watching the fire and listening to the thump and creak of the loom.

She did not wake up until some time in the middle of the night, when the fire had burned down to a few coals. It was a minute or two before she could remember where she was. Then it all came back to her, and she was more frightened than she had ever been in her life. When she thought of her mother and father and Garo, and how alarmed and distressed they would be, she hid her face in the blanket to stifle her crying. But in the depth of her woe she remembered suddenly something her father had said once, when he and her mother were watching with Garo, who was ill. She had waked up and heard him say this,

“Never stay awake just to worry over what may happen. Things always seem ten times as bad in the middle of the night.”

Now that she thought of it, Lutin knew that was true. She had no one to depend on but herself, and she must keep her head clear and her eyes and ears open and try to get away if she had a chance. Just now, the thing to do was to lie still and go to sleep, and this she succeeded in doing.

In the morning she breakfasted with the old woman, on bread and honey and roasted eggs and berries. To pass away the time, she insisted on sweeping the floor and washing the dishes, and then asked if she might take the distaff and spin. There is nothing like doing some familiar thing to calm the nerves in a hard place. The Weaving Woman kept looking at her every few minutes, and nodded approvingly as she saw what a fine, even thread the girl's slender fingers drew out.

"You must have been taught by one of our people," she said presently. "No girls make such beautiful cloth as they do."

"Who are your people?" asked Lutin innocently.

"They call us the Little People of the Rocks. We have lived in this land since the mountains rose out of the sea and the rivers began to flow down hill, and the sun drove away the mist. There are not many of us left now."

"Did they make the painted pebbles?" asked Lutin.

"No; I do not know what you mean."

She looked quite blank and astonished.

Certainly the linen the Weaving Woman was making on her narrow loom was the most beautifully smooth and fine that Lutin had ever seen. There was a little border in red and blue and



yellow, and after watching the work awhile Lutin thought she understood the pattern. She persuaded the weaver to let her try, and got so interested that she almost forgot that she was a prisoner.

“The master will be pleased,” said the Weaving Woman. “I knew you must be clever or he would not have chosen you, but you are the cleverest of all the maids he has found.”

Lutin wished she dared ask who the master was, but she thought perhaps the Weaving Woman would tell, if she went on talking. Old people sometimes were like that, she remembered.

The loom was a wooden frame standing upright, and the warp was held taut by little stone weights. The linen woven on such a loom was not more than fifteen or sixteen inches wide, and it was very slow work for most people, but the Weaving Woman’s fingers flew like magic.

Presently Lutin took out of her pouch the dyestuffs she had collected, and asked if they would be of any use to the Weaving Woman. The old dame was delighted, and said that Lutin must be the cleverest maiden in the whole world, to understand things like that.

She went on chattering in a rambling way, and from what she said, Lutin thought that perhaps sometimes other visitors came here—

hunters, or travelers lost in the forest. This put an idea into her head.

She did not know just how fast a horse would travel in such a country, but she could not be so far from home that her men could not find her if they only knew where to look. She remembered that there was a wild country beyond the boundary of their tribal land, where scarcely anybody ever went, and that some of the stories of fairy people were connected with that mountainous territory. Brosso and the other hunters often ranged for long distances, and they were very quick at observing any unusual signs on the ground. If any of them should see the print of a horse's hoofs where there was no reason for a horse to be, and knew about her being carried away, perhaps they would follow the track and discover her. Perhaps after awhile she would be allowed to go out of the cave, and could find a way to leave a sign that they would notice. What could she invent, that nobody would notice but the persons it was meant to attract?

She kept thinking about this at intervals all through the week she spent in the cave, but she was never allowed to go out, and of course, if any one came into the cave itself he could not help seeing her, for there was only the one room. The door was always shut and must have been bolted on the outside, for there was no sign of

any bolt on the inner side. There were no tools about which Lutin might have used as weapons, and though she was strong enough to have overpowered the Weaving Woman there seemed no way for her to get out even if she did do this. Therefore, she wisely did all she could to win the affection of her hostess, and listened carefully to all her wandering talk, hoping to pick up some information that would be of use.

The week was nearly over, when there came a knocking at the back of the cave. The Weaving Woman hurried over to the rear wall, drew aside a frame where her wool hung ready for carding in a great fluffy mass covered with coarse cloth, and disclosed a little wooden door in the wall. Lutin had never thought of that. The door opened, and Shaphan came in.

"I am your servant, lovely damsel!" he said, bowing to Lutin in the half mocking way she always hated. "Will you go with me now to my home beyond the sea?"

"I will never go with you!" said Lutin wildly; she did not know what he might do to her, but she hated him more than ever now that she knew that he was at the bottom of all this dreadful adventure.

"Really? Then we will wait awhile." He spoke to the Weaving Woman in some language Lutin did not understand, crossed the cave to

the big door, opened it and closed it and bolted it behind him, and Lutin heard the sound of two horses trotting down the hill, into the distance.

The Weaving Woman looked at Lutin as if she were puzzled and could not understand the girl's answer to her master, if this were the man she had called master. Then she began to explain. Up here in the mountains, in a place not easily reached, was a kind of factory or workshop where men and women made things for sale. Many of them were of the Weaving Woman's own people, who were glad to work for any one who would take their manufactures, pay them well and give them a safe place to live in. But they were never allowed to leave the great hollow of the hills in which they lived and toiled. The Weaving Woman had supposed that Lutin was one of the girls brought because of her skill in weaving. But the master must mean that he would have her for his wife.

"I won't be his wife!" said Lutin determinedly. "I'd die first!"

"Nonsense!" said the Weaving Woman. "That is all girl's foolishness, dear child. However, he will not come back until the autumn, and by that time perhaps you will have changed your mind. Now I must take you to the loom sheds where the work is done. Come."

Lutin was thinking fast. "Please," she said, "I want to leave you a gift—you have been so kind to me. Wouldn't you like some weights for your loom—some pretty ones?"

She took out three of the painted pebbles, and kneeling on the floor, deftly fastened them to three of the bunches of warp.

"They are charm-stones," she said, getting up. "Aren't they pretty?"

"They are indeed, my darling!" cried the Weaving Woman. "And I will weave the patterns into my next border, see if I don't! I can see just how it can be done."

That was more than Lutin had bargained for,—all she had had in mind was that, if any hunters of her tribe did come to the cave, they would be almost certain to notice the curious loom weights and speak of them when they went home. Garo and Brosso and her father and Mel-dune all knew about the painted pebbles, and they were sharp enough to follow up a clue like that. In spite of her trouble and uncertainty, Lutin could hardly keep back a chuckle as she followed the Weaving Woman up a low passageway either natural or hollowed out of the cliff. What a joke it would be on Shaphan if he actually sold a piece of linen that gave her people a chance to find and rescue her!

The passage was not a very long one, and



presently daylight appeared, and they came out into a grassy hollow surrounded by steep cliffs. There was a heavy gate across a sort of arch in one place, and one like it, open, which they passed through, and Lutin guessed that there were two ways out of the place. Around the hollow were huts and open sheds where a good many people were working at different industries. Some were doing metal work, some were making grass mats, some were working leather, several girls were spinning and weaving, and in one shed an old man with long gray beard and hair, with several younger ones helping him, was making pots out of heaps of different colored clay. Lutin came to know the place very well in the months that followed, and became well acquainted with many of the work-people, but now she was taken directly to the loom sheds, and shown her own loom and her own sleeping place, and told to go to work. All the girls seemed to know the Weaving Woman, and she had a word for each. There were two women with babies hung up from the rafters in grass baskets and looking like dolls, for nearly all the weavers were small. This was Lutin's new home.

## XVII

### THE HIDDEN FACTORY

**E**VER since the Phœnicians had found mines of metal in Europe, they had had colonies or villages of workmen near the mines. Tin, copper, silver and iron were mined and smelted and worked in simple ways, centuries before history began. There was every reason for doing this on the spot, because when everything has to be carried on pack animals or in galleys for a long distance, it has to be worth carrying. To carry metal in the form of ore, mixed with fragments of worthless rock, would not pay nearly as well as to get it into a purer shape, casting it in bars or ingots for convenient packing, before taking it away from the mine.

The Phœnicians could make all sorts of metal wares—weapons, ornaments, dishes, tools, trinkets, images of the gods. They could make glass, and sold large quantities of glass beads, bracelets, ornaments, cups and vases. Of course these would break, and that was all the better for the trade. They knew more about enamel work, dyes, paints, trumpets and stringed instruments, toys like little bells, than any people

of Europe at that time. Many of these things were more in demand by the barbaric tribes who brought amber, jet, jade, silver and turquoise in exchange, than more valuable goods were. After awhile the traders supplied themselves mainly with cheap articles that looked like something much more valuable and would bring as good a price.

Carthage, the great Phœnician city in Africa, was a huge factory of trading goods. The Carthaginians were presently crowded out of Italy into Gaul, and then out of Gaul into Iberia (Spain and Portugal), where they founded new towns like Cartagena (New Carthage). Shaphan had lately had the grand idea of establishing a private factory or manufacturing community, all his own, in which goods should be made by workpeople who were practically slaves working for bare food and lodging. This notion had come to him after he discovered by chance a remnant of a very ancient Gaulish race, almost dwarfish in stature, living hidden among these mountains. Some of them were good metal and enamel workers, although their methods were old-fashioned; the women were excellent at spinning, weaving, and making dyes and paint. Here and there was one who knew the old secrets of prehistoric potters and could make wonderfully perfect jars without the aid of a potter's wheel.

Shaphan's first idea had been to take these people back to his home in Carthage as slaves, but when he tried it he found it did not answer. The climate was so different from that of their mountain home that they usually died, and they were so homesick and frightened that their work was not worth anything. In talking with one of the older men, Pitou the potter, he learned that there was a place in the mountains which no one but Pitou and his clan knew, entered only by diving under the waters of a river or by a certain other path, a goat track almost impossible to find.

The woeful little company brightened up when they saw their own hills again, and gladly settled in the deep hollow circled by cliffs, where they built their huts and workshops. By means of a dam and a ditch the course of the river was turned so that the cave could be reached without swimming under water. The mother of Pitou, now a very old woman, had been living in the cave, and was known to neighboring hunters as the Weaving Woman. Shaphan decided to let her go on living there, hiding the entrance to the passageway, since she could act as a kind of portress, and disarm all suspicion. Materials for the workers were carried in through the cave, which was easily reached from the path Shaphan's company always followed. But he

did not take his men into his confidence about the secret factory. He kept that entirely to himself. They supposed that the finished goods they took away were made by wild tribes of the neighborhood or brought by them from the coast, and stored here until the pack train came along. Most of Shaphan's men could not speak much Gaulish and knew little about the country. He chose men of that kind on purpose.

Lutin learned most of these facts from one person and another during her first months at the hidden village. No matter how secret the plans of a man like Shaphan are, no matter how well he thinks he has disguised his motives, his servants and slaves almost always know much more about him than he imagines they do. They all knew that Lutin could have been the bride of their master if she had wished, and that she was still under his protection so far that he would severely punish any one who injured her. They had an idea that she was some great chief's daughter, and they treated her with the most careful respect. As they learned to know her, and saw how gentle and sweet she was, not at all proud, but always ready to teach and help others who were not so wise, they loved her as much as they feared Shaphan.

Pitou took an especial interest in her; he told her once that she was about the age his own



daughter would have been if she had lived. His wife and children had died in Africa. But Lutin had been in the camp for three months before she had any suspicion of the terrible truth. One of the women told her, whispering the story when they were alone, that the gods of Carthage were very cruel, and that human beings were sacrificed to them. Pitou's children had been sacrificed to Moloch. That was why his hair and beard were white. He was not as old as he looked.

If she had been there in different circumstances Lutin would have thought that summer the most interesting and fascinating one she had ever spent. The things made in the different workshops were almost all beautiful and curious beyond anything Lutin had seen. There were painted leather wallets, belts, sandals and cushions, decorated with splendid colors, and sometimes ornamented with gilding, or finished with gilded buckles or ornaments. There were curiously enameled helmets, shields, cups, jewels. There were hilts for weapons, decorated in all sorts of elaborate designs, in gold and silver and bronze; necklaces of amber and jet beads, of turquoise and jade. There were ivory carvings, and silver dishes, and plaided wool cloth so fine and soft it was like a little bird's feathers or an ermine's fur, and fine linen, sometimes woven

with colored borders. But best of all Lutin liked to watch the potters.

She had never seen a potter's wheel. The pottery made by her people was shaped by hand, and the wealthier families had horn cups, wooden dishes, and a few silver cups and ladles. But Pitou could turn out a bowl or jar of any one of twenty or more perfect shapes with just a few twirls of his wheel. Then he would go on, decorating it with sure rapid touches, according to old, old patterns that had come down to him from his fathers, or now and then some new design that had come into his own head. Lutin learned as she watched him that the designs on pottery are not the same as those used in other arts. For one thing, the bowl, jar or cup is not flat but round, and a decoration suited to a flat surface does not look the same on the rim of a bowl or the rounding side of a vase. Pitou would sometimes use one color of clay, sometimes another; sometimes he decorated his pottery with black lines and sometimes with scarlet; some jars were finished inside with a kind of hard smooth black glaze, and some were all black, inside and out, or all red, or white with black bands of decoration. One day Lutin asked him to let her try, and was amazed to see how easy it was to turn out a shapely little bowl, and how hard it was to get just the pattern of orna-

ment that looked well. But with a little practice she caught the idea, and Pitou would often let her help him in his work.

Then Lutin thought of something.

"Pitou," she said one day, "would it do any harm if I were to paint some of these jars with a pattern of my own, not like any of yours?"

"No," said Pitou. "This pottery is made to sell to the Gauls, and the master does not care how we decorate it so long as the jars are of the right shape and pack well for shipping. He takes them away in a boat."

Lutin took two of the painted pebbles from her wallet.

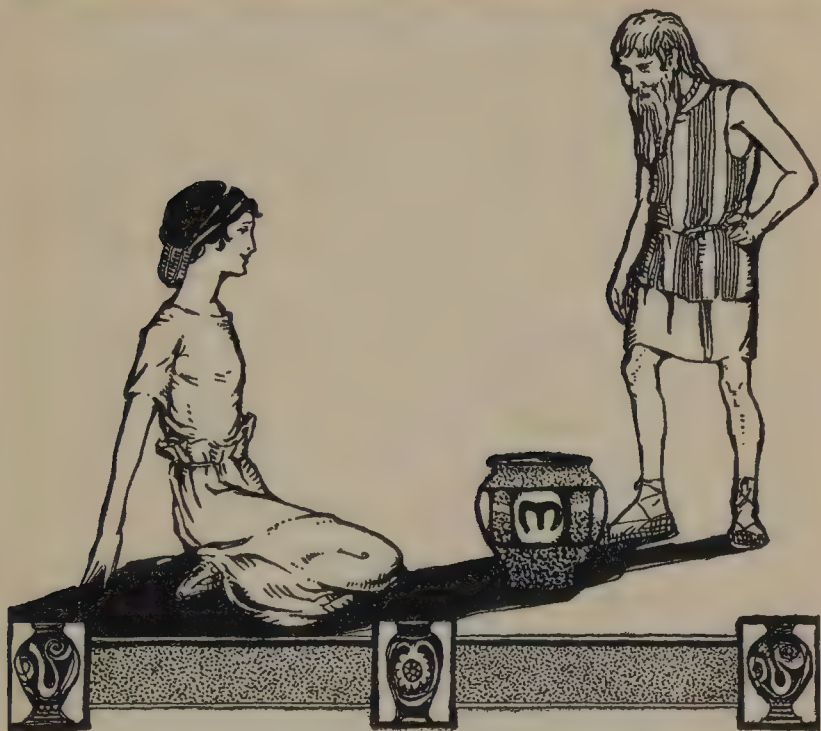
"Would not these make a pretty design?" she asked. "Set in a band like stones in a necklace, perhaps. See,—I have more of them, all different."

Pitou nodded. "Try and see," he said.

Lutin arranged the pebbles in a row, changing the order two or three times so as to be sure she had them as they would look best. She was using a potter's wheel that belonged to one of Pitou's helpers who was baking pottery that day. She set her jar on it and turning it slowly drew a band around the middle, two black lines two or three inches apart. Then she divided this band into even oblongs, and rounded off

the corners of these so that it was a row of oval open spaces surrounded by a black border.

Then, almost breathless with her intense interest in the task, she took a brush and drew



in one oval the line crossed by other lines which was painted on one of the pebbles. It looked so well that she sat back on her heels and admired it. Then she put a different design in the next space, and so on around, copying the pebbles carefully, doing some of the figures in red and

some in black, just as on the original. When it was done she showed it to Pitou and he said it was good. Then she painted lines of red and black around the top and called it done.

The new design was so effective that Pitou told her to use it on other jars. It would be noticed, and those who bought the pottery would ask for more of the same kind, and be able to describe it. The master would like that. But he had no idea what Lutin was driving at. Neither had Shaphan when he came for the jars. He had never seen or heard of the painted pebbles.

Lutin pictured the boatload of gayly colored pots and jars going down the river, and wondered who would buy them all. She did not know whether the place where she was held captive was up the river or down from her village, but she rather thought it was upstream. If it was, and if the people of her village bought any of the pottery, and the decoration was noticed by those who knew about the painted pebbles, what would they do?

She did not know what Shaphan would say if he understood what she had done, but she knew he would be furious, and probably do something dreadful. He told her that day that he should come back again in the fall, and that he hoped she would have made up her mind



by that time. She suspected that he could not take her with him then if he had wanted to. He was probably going among people to whom she would be known.

The days went by, and every chance Lutin got, she slipped over to the pottery to help Pitou. On every jar she put at least one of the mysterious figures. Sometimes there was a row of them, up and down or around; sometimes she tucked in one or two in the corner of a larger figure; once she felt desperate and made the figure big and prominent in the middle of a circle on one side of a jar. But when Shaphan returned, very pleased and triumphant because the last lot of jars had sold so well, and told them to go on making them in that fashion, Lutin was half enraptured and half frightened.

He came up to her then and tried to make love to her, but she darted back toward Pitou, who had a great pile of pottery stacked up in his shed. It was not to be taken away until spring, because Shaphan was going home and had other goods for his cargo. In spring he would return for it, with plenty of boats, and all Gaul should know of the new and beautiful ware that Shaphan the merchant sold.

He caught Lutin by the shoulder and pulled her away. "Come along, you silly girl!" he said. "Come and see the world."

"Let go the maiden!" said Pitou suddenly.  
"Let her alone!"

"What have you to do with it, graybeard!" snarled Shaphan,—but he let Lutin go. "You cannot stop me."

"If you touch the child again," said Pitou sternly, and he had a sledge hammer in his small sinewy hand, "I will knock this stack of pottery into potsherds, whatever you may do to me afterward. Go on your way, Master, and much gold is in your hands!"

Shaphan scowled and glanced around him. Of course he could command the men to seize Pitou, but he saw they would do it unwillingly. He had none of his own countrymen with him when he came here. There was no one very near, and he knew that before they could reach Pitou the old man could make a rubbish heap of the wares for which Shaphan expected to get a small fortune. Also, if he killed Pitou he would lose a potter who was a genius. He stepped back and laughed.

"I was only in fun," he said. "Be not insolent, old man. It is hardly safe." He strode away.

He made up his mind, however, to think out some way to prevent such an incident as this when he came again. If the workmen should unite against him he might be in a bad scrape.

He had taken all the care he could think of

to keep them from dreaming of such a thing. It would be impossible for them to climb the cliffs, even the most nimble of them, without help from outside. He had selected the stronger and younger men for the metal workers, and they were chained to their forges. None of the things they made could be used very effectively as weapons, or for the purpose of cutting the chains, which were bronze, as were the gratings and fastenings of the doors. What they did was to ornament hafts and handles of weapons, make ornaments, cups and vases, fittings for bags, clasps for belts and cloaks, and things of that sort which did not require heavy tools.

Not only were the two doors leading to the outer world of heavy oaken timbers, almost as hard as iron, but they had been fitted with inner gratings of bronze, and bolts and hinges on the outside which reached almost across the door. Shaphan had brought these with him from some ancient fortress in Africa, and made the metal workers put them on the doors, and hang the doors, when they first came to the secret workshop. He told them then that these fittings were to make them safe from any enemy who might try to attack and rob them. When the work was all finished he went outside and shot the bolts, and after awhile they discovered that they were prisoners. He had brought two

or three other slaves with him when he came back, and they had shackled the metal workers, one standing by with a bow and arrows to prevent a rush by the other men. These slaves were dead. They had been killed before they had a chance to tell any one of the secret. The packmen had never been let into it at all. The Little People did not know that there were no guards left outside the doors. They knew how powerful their master was, and were well aware that he could keep fifty men on duty there if he chose. But he dared not trust any one else with the secret. Any guards he might leave would sooner or later get in and steal the finished goods and sell them, or lie in wait for him when he came, and overpower him, and take his money. He always rode last in his company for fear of that.

The Little People never knew just when he was coming or by which door he would enter. Sometimes he would take two or three of them and go down to the place where he got the clay for some of their pots, and they would load it on pack horses and bring it up the mountain. Sometimes he would order them to go down to the river to load or unload boats. But he always had weapons, and they knew well that he was as quick as lightning with a knife or a dart.

The Weaving Woman's cave opened into the

passage that led to the door on that side, but the door was always barred unless Shaphan opened it himself with his own key. There was a little square opening in it with a bronze grille, and when hunters brought the Weaving Woman a deer, or a beaver, or some other kind of game, as they did sometimes, she would cook the flesh for them and they would come up to the grille with their cups and bowls for her to fill, or take the roasted or broiled meat she passed through the opening to them. She always took care to make a fair division, and to see that the women and the weaker ones were not robbed. They all ate where she could see them, and if they did not mind their manners they suffered for it next time. They were so ravenously hungry sometimes that if she had not done this, the stronger ones would have got all there was. But she could not open the door for them, and she did not dare tell any one of the hidden village. For some reason or other—they could easily believe it—she was deathly afraid of Shaphan.

They talked over every possible way of escape, and never found any that looked practical. They could not even be sure of all acting together. Shaphan took care to keep them jealous of one another; sometimes he would favor one, sometimes another group. When he came he



always brought some wine, honey, raisins, dates and other luxuries, and to get the lion's share of these things most of them would have betrayed their own mothers and brothers. He also brought a whip, and sometimes used it.

They could not quite understand how Lutin dared refuse anything he might command, or why he had been so easy with her when she did. For that matter they did not pretend to understand his reasons for anything. They talked about it a good deal, among themselves, and were more and more sure that she was a chief's daughter. Lutin let them talk to her as much as they liked, but she herself never talked very freely to any one except Pitou. She did not tell even him why she spent so much time decorating his pots and jugs and platters.

## XVIII

### THE VENGEANCE OF BINIOU

**I**N the house of Mel-dune a little group of men were looking at an earthen pot. Two of them, Garo and Brosso, were young; one was Mel-dune the chief himself; the others were Garavon and Loutr  .

“The signs are certainly the same,” said Mel-dune thoughtfully. “But they may be in use in other parts of the world of which we know nothing. Do not the traders themselves use various marks which they call writing?”

“Yes,” said Garo. “I once learned all the characters they use, when I was a boy, for fun. Very much set up I was, to know something which the other boys did not. But there are none among them just like these.”

“There is no knowing who made the pots, or where,” said Garavon soberly. “Some of the goods of Shaphan come from his native land beyond the Great Sea, and some from beyond the mountains where his people have towns. He told us a good deal of them when he was younger, before he came to command his party, and explained to us how great and powerful his

people were. But they are not as powerful as they used to be, when I was a boy."

Garavon mourned deeply for the loss of his daughter Lutin. He did not admit it to his wife or children, but he did not believe she would ever come back. If she was a slave among the Phœnicians they were strong enough to keep her. If she had been captured by some wild tribe of the mountains, he knew that some of these still sacrificed human beings to their gods. The time when she was taken was not long before the great Midsummer festival which was kept by all Gaul, even the most barbaric tribes in the furthest valleys where they lived almost like animals. He wished he did not know so much about the different kinds of people who occupied his country, but when he was a young man he had been something of a traveler and had seen much of life. Until the wife of Loutr  bought this pot as a gift for the wife of Garavon he had no reason to hope that he would ever see his daughter again. But the design on it certainly did resemble the characters on the painted pebbles. They could all see that, as Mel-dune brought out the four he still had. Three of these signs were done in black on a red band around the widest part of the pot, just before it began to narrow toward the mouth, and two others were repeated in red and black,

in characters four inches across, below this band. It was a very effective decoration, and the pot was a beautiful one, much prettier than any other in the village. But there was another thing not explained. Lutin did not understand pottery, and the person who made this pot must be almost a wizard at the art. Perhaps there was a country where the people did such work, and their alphabet was the one on the painted pebbles. The dark strangers traded everywhere, with all sorts of people.

They decided that the next time Shaphan and his packmen came by the village he should be questioned about those pots. If he had any more of them it would be seen whether they bore the same decoration. Mel-dune was a shrewd man, and he could often tell whether any one was lying or not, by a kind of instinct. He had not paid much attention to the traders of late years. But he thought to himself that in this case, it was nearly certain that whatever Shaphan said would be lying, unless he could somehow be trapped into telling the truth. He was that sort of man.

“What do you think, Brosso?” asked Garo as they went together down the steep path from the chief’s house toward the river gate. Brosso had not said anything, but he rarely did unless somebody asked him a direct question.

"They were wondering whether the jar was made in Shaphan's own country," said Brosso. "I think it was not."

Now, who would have expected Brosso to know anything about the styles of pottery?

"Why not?" asked Garo in astonishment.

"Because the clay, both red and white, is like that which is found in the mountains of this country, a long way from here. The earth of one place is not like that of another place. The Weasel" (that was always Brosso's name for Shaphan when he and Garo talked by themselves) "would never take loads of clay from this country to his own land, on the backs of horses, to be made into clay pots to sell here. Clay is heavy, and also pots break."

Garo had often been surprised before at the clear and convincing way in which Brosso would reason a thing out, even when it was not in his own line. Suppose he were right?

"But boats," Garo suggested. "Boats would take the clay down to the sea."

"The boat in which those pots came was a boat made in this country," answered Brosso calmly.

"But there is no pottery hereabouts where they can do such work as that," objected Garo. "If there were, we should all have known of it long ago, and go there to get dishes for weddings and festivals."



"There is no pottery that we know of," Brosso agreed.

Garo was silent for a few minutes. "Do you think you could find that place again, where the clay is?" he asked.

"Surely," said Brosso. "It is beyond the cave where the Weaving Woman lives, and it was she who told me of it, a long time ago, when I was up there hunting. I lined a basket with clay and carried coals in it, and that baked it so that it made a very nice bowl, which I used for a long time. And it looked just like that jar, except that of course it was not smooth and beautiful, or painted in different colors."

"Who is the Weaving Woman?"

"No one seems to know. She was a little old woman, very kind and good, who lived all alone in her cave, and sold cloaks and tunics of wool to the hunters. I suppose she may have had sons or kinfolk who came to see her sometimes, but nobody seemed to have seen them. I should like to see that old lady again. We might go there and carry her some game, and she would give us dinner. She is a very good cook."

This seemed to Garo a fine idea. He and Brosso planned to set out the next morning at daybreak for a hunting journey of several days. They often did at that season. Garo did not feel like telling his father anything about

the matter until he was surer that there might be something in it, but he was inclined to think it would be best to tell Mel-dune. Then there would be some one to know which way they had gone, and where to look for them if anything happened. After all, if Shaphan did have a private warehouse up there, it might be dangerous for them to be caught looking for it.

Mel-dune looked interested. "I shall be glad to know what you find," he said. "Good luck to you."

Garo felt encouraged. It might not be such a wild plan, at that.

It took a longer time to reach the Weaving Woman's cave than Brosso had expected, and he said the course of the river was not as he remembered it. When he was at the cave, you came in a boat to a certain ledge, and then landed, and behind a big rock there was an entrance. The hunters said that years before, the river used to be much higher and this entrance was hidden, but that was before the Weaving Woman came.

The two young fellows had partridges and quail and woodcock in their game bag, and fish in their woven willow creel, when they finally reached the mountainside where Brosso said the cave was. In the hardened mud by the waterside Brosso saw tracks.

“Horses have been up here,” he said, “two horses. Now what would Shaphan be visiting the Weaving Woman for? He hates pork, and most of her cooking has pork fat in it.”

Shaphan had a good reason for not liking pork. He had grown up in a country where hogs were only found in market towns. There they ate all kinds of unclean food, and their flesh was considered unfit to eat, as indeed it was. The wild pig of Gaul, living on acorns and beechnuts and other clean forest provender, was another matter.

The horses' tracks were not, however, very recent; Brosso said they must have been made weeks ago, before the traders came to the village. All the same, it was queer that Shaphan should have been so far out of his way, and only one man with him. There was no town in this direction, of that Brosso was sure. And if there were, and the traders went there, they would have left their trail over the hills from the point where they branched off.

Both were ravenously hungry, and looking forward to the good dinner the Weaving Woman would cook for them. But when they knocked at her door—it was a new one with a big bolt—she seemed only half glad to see them. She said she was getting so old she did not always give meals to wayfarers, and sometimes was

away herself. But she would cook their birds for them, and thanked them kindly for those which they said were for her.

The fact was that the Weaving Woman was too glad to have these tid-bits to cook for Pitou and his people, to refuse the young men service. She knew how she could make a stew of them which would give everybody a bowlful of savory broth—and some of them needed it. Shaphan did not feed them very well.

While they were waiting for the fish to broil, Garo looked at the loom. Then he poked Brosso. Brosso's eyes followed the direction of his own. They saw the painted pebbles.

They felt sure by this time, however, that whatever the old woman knew, she would not tell. If Shaphan had her in his power she would not dare. Moreover, those were not Lutin's own pebbles; she did not have them with her the day she disappeared; her mother had found them at home.

"They might have been from the cave though," thought Garo.

When they had eaten, and put enough roast meat in their game bag to make another meal or two, they thanked the old dame and went off, toward home. When out of sight they turned and went in the direction of the place where Brosso said the clay bank was. They had to

go around the cliffs for some distance, and presently they came on more tracks of horses,—several of them this time—and tracks of small bare feet. The feet seemed almost like those of children. One pair of these small feet wore sandals. What on earth did this mean? Even Lutin's feet were not so little as these.

“I can think of one thing that might have something to do with it,” said Brosso, when they had given up trying to guess and were following the horse tracks back to the trail. “There used to be a race of dwarfs living in these mountains somewhere, but no one ever knew where. Perhaps they are the potters. There certainly have been loads and loads of clay taken out of that place since I saw it. We will try baking the lump you took, when we reach the village again, and show it to the chief.

“Do you mean the Little People—the fays as the old women call them?” asked Garo doubtfully.

“Maybe, but they are real people. I once met a wandering piper who was said to have seen them. Some of his songs were about them and Abonde, their queen. One, which he would hardly ever sing, told how she died rather than be a slave, when she and a boatload of her people were captured by an enemy. He used to be around the camp of the traders when they



were at Dor-dune. The Weasel likes to have music and singing when his wares are all spread out; foolish folk come and look at the trumpery, and while they are listening to the singing they sometimes forget to watch their money. It is for the same reason that he always tries to sell them wine first, as much wine as he can, so that he will make better bargains."

"I know," said Garo. "What was the piper's name?"

"I do not know. They called him Biniou. He had a queer kind of a pipe that was a biniou, he said; he got it in a land beside the sea where he went in his youth. And yet I do not think he was an old man then."

"I wish I could meet that piper," said Garo.

The road home seemed very long, for they had lost hope. Garo began to think that the Little People might be the race who used the mysterious signs. That would explain the clay pot and its decoration, and perhaps Shaphan's connection with it, but it would throw no light on their own tragedy.

As they came near the village they heard a curious wailing, droning music, like no other music, and Brosso lifted his head and listened.

"That is the biniou," he said.

They quickened their steps, tired as they were, almost to a run. When they reached the

open gates they saw a crowd in the square, and a small man strutting back and forth and playing on an odd instrument which he seemed to understand perfectly. It was a kind of bagpipe.

"It is the same man," said Brosso.

That evening Biniou was invited to play for the chief, and afterward Mel-dune asked him questions. The piper said that his real name was Turan, but that every one called him Biniou, and he liked it just as well. He had come to this part of the country because they told him that a certain trader named Shaphan was sometimes to be met with here.

"You wish to meet him, then?" said Mel-dune.

Biniou shot a quick glance at the chief. "I wish to find him," he said.

"We are no friends of Shaphan here," said Mel-dune. "He comes twice a year with his wares; that is all. We do not buy much of him; we like our own fashions best."

Biniou sprang up and held out his hands. "You will hear my story?" he asked. "You will let me stay?"

"There is no reason why you should not stay," said Mel-dune gravely. "Your songs and your music lighten the hearts of our young people, and they sing. It is good for us all to

sing and to dance; when a village is unhappy there comes trouble. I think you have had great trouble, yourself, and that is why you make such music."

No one was in the hall but the two men, so different in every way. At a sign from the chief the others had silently left the room.

"I was a young man," Biniou began, "I left my father's village because I wished to see what the world was like. My mother was a fairy woman, one of the Little People, and of her and her race I learned this music. I found a wife who was a daughter of the Little People, although her father was one of the fisher folk who live by the sea. She taught me more songs. We were very merry. I brought her back to my country, and as my mother had promised, she came to our wedding with some of her folk. We were surprised by a band of fierce strangers, who carried off our women and children and such of the men as were not killed in the fight. They would have taken my mother, but she caught the knife from the belt of one of them and killed herself. I had gone hunting with the other young men, to prepare for the farewell feast to our guests. When we returned the village was empty save for the dead and dying.

"After a long time we heard that Shaphan the

trader had bought some of the captives, and carried them away to his country. I found him and begged him to take me there too. He seemed kind; he told me that if I would travel with him and play my biniou while he showed his wares to the foolish country people, he would take me with him to the city where my bride and my friends lived. I played for him as I had never played before.

“Then at the last, before the ship sailed, he asked me to supper and gave me wine. I think there must have been some evil drug in the wine, for I fell asleep after one cup. When I awoke they were gone, and all my money was gone, and my biniou was gone. I had to beg my way back to the village where my wife’s father lived. The people were sorry for me and gave me a new biniou. I promised in the name of their gods and mine to find Shaphan and take vengeance on him, for he tricked me. Doubly he tricked me. He lied and he stole.”

Mel-dune had been listening to the piper’s story with interest and kindness. “We will help you if we can,” he said. “Perhaps you can help us. We believe, although we do not know, that this man has stolen maidens of our tribes and sold them into slavery. Our chiefs desire to punish him.”

That was all that Mel-dune would say that

night, but Biniou felt more comforted than he had for many years. He had no hope of ever seeing his wife again, but he might avenge himself on Shaphan, with the help of these powerful friends. The strangers would never have found it possible to trade in that country at all if they had all been like Shaphan. They had been very careful at first not to do anything to arouse the suspicion or dislike of the people. The chiming of the horse bells meant that they came on a harmless journey, and every one trusted them. Shaphan had traded on that trust and abused it. Tricky people often make the mistake of thinking that because a trick has passed once it can be played again and again. Sometimes it can, but not in the same place, and as the supply of places is limited, sooner or later the dishonest person trips over his own trap. It really does not take a very clever person to be dishonest. Almost anybody can be that, who has not the brains to be honest.

In dealing with wild people it is particularly important to be trustworthy, because they never forget an injury. If Shaphan really thought that he could smooth over the kidnapping of Lutin by making rich presents to her family and giving a feast to her village—it is almost certain that he did expect to do something like that when he had forced Lutin



herself to obey him—he would have been surprised to know how Mel-dune and Garavon and Garo and Brosso really felt about such a proposal. But he did not have insight enough to know that or even suspect the truth.

## XIX

### THE SUN FEAST

ONE of the reasons why the Gauls did not travel much, except at certain times of the year, was that in a country without good roads, or without any roads at all in some places, it does not take very heavy snow or rain to make some parts of it almost impassable. The snows were heavier and the cold sharper than they are now in the same region. Unless there was some very good reason for travel, most people stayed at home during the winter.

The winter festival in honor of the Sun-god came when the days stopped growing shorter and began again to lengthen. In the nature of things it was a festival usually kept by each town or village at home.

To Mel-dune there seemed to be nothing to do but wait until Shaphan and his troop returned in the spring, and then trail them as closely as possible in the hope that the whereabouts of Lutin might be discovered. He had seen the bit of clay Brosso and Garo fetched home, and heard their story, but he was inclined to think that Shaphan must have found some remote

tribe which knew secrets of pottery handed down from their ancestors, and was dealing with them in private. Of course there was nothing criminal in that. Biniou, who knew more about the Little People than any one else in the village, had seen the mysterious pot and said that so far as he knew, the Little People never made anything like it. Neither could he throw any light on the painted characters on the pebbles, or those on the pot which were so like them. Perhaps whoever made the pottery was of the same race as those who left the pebbles in the cave.

Garó remembered that the cave was very low. The animals pictured on the walls were some of them much larger than the men. If the men were dwarfs perhaps the animals were not so large as they seemed. No one could tell from a spearhead or arrowhead the height of the man who used it. Perhaps there were cave people who lived in some hidden fastness of the mountains and made pottery. The Weaving Woman might be one of them, and in that case she would never betray them. Brosso knew enough of cave people to know that.

Biniou had wandered about so many years that he could not stay long in any one place without growing restless. He had fits of the blues, and sometimes would not even touch his

pipes for days at a time. Mel-dune had his eye on the piper, and he began to be anxious.

"Biniou," he said one day, "how would it suit you to visit other towns hereabouts, and play your pipes, that the chiefs may know what you can do? The Sun Feast is at hand, and it is in my mind that Dor-dune, who is a more powerful chief than I am, would be glad to have your music at that festival. And there are other places. Brosso is going to these places before many days, and you might go with him."

The chief had seen that Brosso seemed to get on with the musician better than others did. The big, silent forest youth seemed to have a quieting and steadying effect on him.

Also, Mel-dune had heard from time to time rumors that the country was unquiet. New tribes had pressed in from the east, and crowded the weaker Gaulish tribes back upon their neighbors, and the neighbors in turn had retreated on their next-door clans. The whole country was as uneasy as a boiling pot on a fierce fire. But they had lived through times like this before. Sometimes part of a tribe would cross a boundary and settle down peaceably, especially when there had been friendliness between the neighbors. When it was otherwise, one or the other might think it a good time to settle a grudge.

Mel-dune believed more and more that unless

the Gauls could act together and stand firm, they would be conquered, enslaved, killed off or driven into barren unknown mountains. He knew that there is no better way to keep a troop together than to have good music. Biniou could play marches and dances that would make a wooden image want to move in time. All the comfort he had in life was in his music. If he could learn the favorite songs of each tribe it would be well. Anything to keep him contented where he was.

Therefore Brosso, who could pick him up and carry him, pipes and all, if need be, took Biniou with him on a midwinter visit to neighboring towns. Brosso was instructed privately to tell certain news to each chief and suggest certain preparations for moving together without delay. Whatever happened, the men from Carthage were not to be allowed to come back into the country and recruit Gaulish troops for their own wars, as they had done in former times. Mel-dune liked to give a free road to all sorts of people who came peaceably to bring new goods and new fashions into Gaul, but he intended to close the road to Shaphan. If that trader wanted to reach northern Gaul after this, he must go some other way.

The winter feast of the Sun, in the town of Dor-dune, was wonderful, that year. They had



oxen roasted whole over a trench with a fire built in it, out of doors; they had apples and nuts and honey wine and grape wine, fine wheat cakes and sweetmeats, as they always did. The houses were hung with evergreen garlands and boughs of an evergreen shrub that had scarlet berries. Everybody was in holiday garb—robes and mantles of fine wool, necklaces of amber and jet and turquoise beads, torques of silver and gold, bracelets of silver and gold, trousers of plaided cloth or leather, painted and embroidered garments and some fine linen. All the best dishes were set out. In the chief's house some were of silver and gold. Here again were the painted pottery bowls, jars and platters,—and on every one appeared somewhere the curious unexplained characters.

More than that, when the chief's daughter, who had just been married, came to take her place at the feast, she wore a white linen tunic, and it had a woven border with some of the same signs repeated in the design.

That linen border fascinated Brosso. He could not take his eyes off it.

One of the maids had taken a liking to the big quiet stranger, and she talked to him a good deal as she kept his cup filled and his dish supplied with good fare. Brosso had often found that by keeping still and letting people chatter

he could find out a great deal that he wished to hear, especially if they were women. It happened so now. The maid saw him looking at the linen, and said that it had been bought of Shaphan, and she would like to know where he got it. It was not at all like the stuff he used to offer for sale. Perhaps he had found out, the cheat! that Gaulish women knew what good cloth was, as well as any one, even the Greeks, who were said to live in such luxury. And much more to the same purpose.

It certainly looked to Brosso as if this last cargo of the traders must have been made somewhere in Gaul.

He and Biniou stayed some time in the town, and Biniou learned many songs. Then they went on to the next town, and the next, finding everybody glad to welcome a piper in the dull winter days and evenings. At last Biniou began to be restless again. It was nearing spring, and soon Shaphan would be riding over the Pyrenees with another load of toys and gauds. They must be back in Mel-dune's village when he came.

"Biniou," said Brosso as they were on their way home, one soft melting day when winter seemed to be off guard, "do you know of any place among the mountains of the black rocks, where there might be a town of the Little People

of which nobody knew—a town which nobody could find except themselves?”

Biniou shot one of his quick bright glances at the tall young man. But Brosso was just his usual kind, strong self.

“Yes,” said the piper after a pause, “there is one. I was taken there when I was a boy.”

“Could you find it again?”

“Perhaps.”

“Will you show me where it is some day?”

Brosso had not led up to the subject tactfully; he did not know how. Also, he felt sure that if Biniou told him anything he would tell it because he wanted to, and if he did not want to, coaxing would be of no use. He waited.

“I will show you,” said Biniou at last, “it will do no harm, for no one is left alive to be harmed by it. It is a great grassy hollow in the top of a mountain.” (It was really probably a crater of an extinct volcano, but neither of them had ever heard of volcanoes or craters.) “There are only two ways to reach it. I know both. I have not wished to go back, because—because it was there I learned all my songs.” He gave a little fluttering sigh.

Brosso put his big hand lightly on the piper’s shoulder. “I will tell you,” he said in his big kind voice, “why I asked. A maiden was stolen from our village, the sister of Garo, who

is my friend. She knows the signs we have found painted on the pottery and woven in the linen. I have thought that she may be held prisoner in some such place. Garo and I will never give up searching for her until we find her or know that she is dead." His voice shook a little at the end. He could not bear to admit even to himself that the merry little girl, the graceful maiden, the clever maker of beautiful things, whom all the village loved, could have been killed.

Biniou raised brown eyes like those of a dog that loves his master. "If she is there," he said, "we will find her."

Brosso and Garo and Biniou, followed at a distance by Mel-dune and the fighting men of the town, took their way along the traders' route, about a week later. It was rough traveling after they left the trail and struck off among the lava crags, but none of them minded that at all. The two young hunters and the piper went on ahead by themselves, and a little distance behind came most of the able-bodied men to be on hand in case there were guards or soldiers or slaves left by Shaphan near the factory—if there was a factory at all. Some of them did not believe there was.

Biniou did not lead them to the cave of the Weaving Woman, but up the hill by a winding

narrow goat track, to a heavy wooden gate, barred and hinged and latched with bronze, set in a sort of natural hole in the rocks.

"There was no gate here in the old times," whispered Biniou. "It was further in, and it was only wood."

"Is there any way to get up the cliffs?" whispered Garo.

"I do not know any."

"We won't give it up here," said Garo stubbornly. "Let's look for one."

The height before them looked like nothing but a steep mountain peak. But Garo and Brosso were both good climbers, and they presently went up over the rocks, tied together by a long rope. Each helped the other by turns, as one or the other got on faster. It was a desperate scramble with one or two narrow escapes, but at last they reached the top.

They found themselves looking down into a deep wide hole edged with thatched roofs. Out of it came the sound of voices and the clink of hammers, and the smoke of many little fires—cooking fires and forge fires. But there was not a sign of a guard, or of anything but people working and singing.

Most of those whom they saw were undersized, poorly clad, barefooted men and women who looked as if they did not have enough to eat.



A door like the one they had seen was on the opposite side, in the cliff. The rocks all around were almost perpendicular and accounted for the fact that no guards were posted. Nobody could get out of that place without wings, or help from outside. Still, there might be guards at the other door.

They lay looking down on the curious scene. It was a misty day and the people seemed inclined to keep out of sight under their miserable shelter.

"Can you pull me up if I should go down?" whispered Garo.

"What for?"

"I want to see if Lutin is there."

"What if these people stole her? They'd kill you."

"Well, what would you do?"

"Wait and see."

"Let's send Biniou back to bring our men up here. We've found the place we were after, if no more. Perhaps that door could be smashed in."

Brosso slipped down a little way and beckoned to the piper. Presently Biniou disappeared.

Garo took from his purse one of several white pebbles which he had himself painted, and dropped one down into the great cuplike hollow, giving it a little fling so that it cleared the shed. Almost instantly a girl darted out and seized it. It was Lutin.

Garó almost laughed out loud, to see her amazed look. She looked up at the sky first, as if she thought the pebble must have fallen from heaven. She looked all around her, even as high as the roof, but no one was on the roof. Garó tossed a second pebble so that it fell right at her feet, and then she looked up and saw him.

By that time some of the workpeople had run out to see what was going on, and just then the sun shone out, full in their eyes. Garó was lying on the eastern side of the cliffs high above them, and it was about nine o'clock if there had been any clocks in the place. They blinked and screwed up their faces and looked more bewildered than Lutin. She called in her clear sweet voice—the voice he had thought he might never hear again, “Garó, is that you? Alone?”

“Not quite alone. Brosso is here and the rest of our men are coming.”

Now all the people were out in the open looking up, and Brosso also was looking down at them.

Lutin turned and said something quickly, and a sort of long sigh ran through the crowd.

“How did you get past the guards?” she called.

“Guards? There are no guards on this side.”

“And none on the other, Biniou says,” Brosso added.

“Who are these people?” asked Garó, feeling

better now that he saw that they did not seem to restrain Lutin, or indeed to understand what he said.

“We are all of us prisoners here—Shaphan has kept us prisoners and made us work for



him. I spin and weave, and I helped make some pots.”

“Tell them you won’t be prisoners long. We’ll break down the door, or if we can’t do that we’ll drag you up over the cliffs somehow.—There they come!”

Far away the sound of the war horns drifted

up the hill. Biniou's pipes were coming on ahead with a burst of wild music, shrilling like the cry of sea gulls, snarling like a tempest.

Garó was not prepared for the effect on the ragged, half-starved people at the bottom of the hollow. They broke into a cry of joyful triumph, and their voices rose in a song that answered the melody of the pipes. Another shout, a deep-throated baying battle shout, rang out from the mountainside, and up came the Gauls, like hounds on a trail.

They had axes as well as swords among their weapons, and it was but the work of a short time to fell a tree and use it as a battering-ram. The heavy door splintered and gave; hinges were wrenched off and bolts pulled out. Even before it was down, the little men were struggling through the holes. Lutin was the first of the girls to be drawn through, and caught in her father's arms, and then the people all came swarming out. Biniou gave one look at a little bright-haired woman with a child in her arms, and the music of his pipes broke off in the middle of a note. Biniou's wife dropped on the ground the baby she was carrying—it was another woman's child—and the two went off by themselves.

None of the people had anything worth taking away, so far as clothes were concerned.

They started down the winding path in a disorderly but joyous procession, and rounded the foot of the hill to the cave of the Weaving Woman, whom they took along with them, of course. Brosso and Garo took turns carrying her, and some of the others followed with her loom, distaff and finished work, for she would not hear of leaving these. Lutin walked between her father and brother, trying to answer all their questions at once. Mel-dune was talking to Pitou, and wondering in his own mind what Shaphan would do when he came next time, and what would happen to him if any of the men of the village caught him.

The next time was sooner than any one expected. The merchant had decided to take advantage of an early spring and come on ahead of his band, by himself. He met them on the trail beside the river, about half way to their village. The Little People of the Rocks caught sight of him first. The party had halted in a convenient place for the midday meal, and Mel-dune and his people were building fires and getting out provisions from a cache where they had left them.

There was a rush of light pattering feet and flying ragged garments, and before any one could see what was happening Shaphan had been dragged off his horse by a yelping, howling,



clawing pack. He had no chance to get his hand on his knife at all. His horse turned and galloped down the trail, with all the bridle bells ringing wildly. In another moment there was a heavy splash, and the strong current was sweeping the Phœnician down the river with strong, fierce little hands dragging him under and winding his girdle around his arms, and choking him. Some distance down stream Garo and Brosso and the other young men presently found a group of dripping, dwarfish men, shaggy-haired and rough-bearded, dancing around a body stranded in a shallow pool. And that was the last of Shaphan. It was all that Mel-dune and Garavon could do to get the Little People off him, but they did finally, with Lutin to help. The metal workers were still wearing pieces of their fetters, although their new friends had chopped them free of the beams around which the chains were locked. It was the work of two or three days for the smiths to file the metal rings off their ankles.

Shaphan's packmen heard what had happened and never dared go back into the country at all. Mel-dune settled it with Pitou and the others that they and their tribe should return to the hidden workshop and live there and work for themselves, selling what they made to the neighboring tribes and having their own place

and their own customs. They sometimes visited the towns, especially at festival time, and sometimes entertained their neighbors. At Lutin's wedding feast, when she and Brosso were married, the Little People all came bringing gifts, and Biniou and his musicians played for the dancing.

"Even when they were so miserable," Lutin said to her husband, "they never forgot their songs and their music. They would sing at their work, and at the time of the Sun Feast in the winter they kept it just as we do—only it was so sad! There would have been no feast at all—hardly enough to eat—if a hunter had not brought in a doe just then, and left it with the Weaving Woman. And he left her a bag of nuts too, and some apples."

"That was very lucky," said Brosso, but something in his voice made Lutin look at him keenly. She saw the color creep up under the big fellow's tanned skin just as it did when she first began to think he liked her.

"I believe it was you!" she cried triumphantly.

"Well, it was," Brosso admitted. "Biniou and I went to keep the Sun Feast at Dor-dune's town, and the young men were all out hunting, so that there was a great deal more than enough for the whole village, to say nothing of the cattle that were killed. And there was not much to

do there when they were all dancing and drinking and singing and telling stories. You know those things are not much in my line. I had been to the Weaving Woman's cave before, and it just entered my head that I would go around and see whether the old creature was still living there or not—they said she was—and make sure that she had something to eat when every one else was merrymaking. You see, I know what it is to be living alone in a cave when the villages are keeping festival. Things do not taste good.

“I got the deer, and a bag of chestnuts, and some apples I had brought along, and went up to the cave early one morning. You never saw any one as pleased as she was. She thanked me over and over again. I had an idea then that some of her people might be living hidden away in the neighborhood, and that was why she was so glad of the meat, but I knew if they were, she would never tell. It was all easy enough.”

## XX

### WITH A GRAIN OF SALT

UNDER the roof of the tent which had been his home for the greater part of eight years, Fabius sat at supper with a guest. He had in those eight years welcomed to his board in one fashion or another many kinds of men. Some ate with the Roman officers, some with the soldiers, others with the cook or the camp followers. There were those who could not be persuaded to come into the camp at all, but shyly took the salt, cooked food, meat and fruit offered them, and went off to make a feast by their own fires. But this was the first time since he came to Gaul, that Fabius had entertained any one whom he had known in Rome.

The guest was an old schoolmate who had gone into the army at the same time as Fabius, but had served elsewhere. Gaius Furius Camillus was his name, and his ancestor was that Camillus who fought against the Gauls who sacked Rome, in the fourth century of the founding of the city. That was a long time ago, and the present owner of the name had got on in the world chiefly because he was determined

to get on. Success in Gaul, now becoming an important country in Roman eyes, would very likely help him to get on, be the next move in the great game. Otherwise, Fabius reflected, he probably would not be here, for he seemed to think himself an exile from the only city worth living in, the great city by the Tiber. Still he was eating his truffled partridge and onion salad with a relish, Fabius observed, even if the camp cook was a Gaul.

"And now," said Fabius when they had come to the walnuts and wine, "I suppose we may as well talk of Gaul, since you are here for the time, and your work is also here."

"Oh, as to that," the guest wiped his heavy jaw with a fine linen napkin, "there is not much to talk over, I take it. We have to subjugate these Gauls, and my troops are the fellows to do it. A seasoned Roman legion will be a hard nut for the pagans to crack." He snapped a walnut shell between his strong white teeth.

"There are Gauls, and Gauls," said Fabius after a moment's silence. "They are not all alike. I have been giving some time to study of the politics of the country, and I believe we should do better to make allies of these tribes than to fight them. A live friend is better than a dead enemy."

"You can't tell me much about the Gauls,"



said the other carelessly. "I was brought up on tales of the barbarians. You know my ancestors on both sides have been in these border skirmishes. They are hardly more than wild beasts—the big, yellow-haired brutes,—half-clad, half-witted, crafty as wolves, faithless as cats. We have to put the fear into them, make them understand that we are their masters. Oh, I have heard all there is to know about the Gauls."

"'He is fortunate who gets wisdom by the risk of another,' as Terence has it," commented Fabius politely. "But as he has also observed, 'many men of many minds.' It is just as true among the Gauls as among our own people."

"You were always fond of poetry," Gaius said with a grin. "But I think that scene in Plautus' comedy, where the fellow tells the slaves that his whip is tougher than their ribs, is more to the purpose just now. That's a language they can all understand, I will bet."

"I suppose a fact is a fact, even if stated by a poet—or a Gaul," said Fabius. "I am inclined to believe that the Gauls know more of their own country than I do, and may even know more of their own people. The Kymri and the Teutones, who have from time to time broken over our frontiers, and have lately poured into Gaul from the northeast, are tall,

fierce, intractable, with shaggy red or yellow hair, and are said to have no temples and no gods. When you follow the Old Road westward toward Iberia you find a people quite different, with another language and other customs. Then there are the Arverni, round-headed folk living among black mountains and lava crags, herdsmen and shepherds, who worship gods not so very unlike our own. I have heard that the Sea People, fishermen in the remote north, are of still another aspect. The Belgæ and the Sequani, who are menaced by these invading hordes, are big men, brave fighters, and I think sagacious. Over all this territory you find in authority priests called the Druids. Did you ever talk to a Druid, my Gaius?"

"I have heard of them," said Gaius, pouring himself another cup of wine.

"There is said to be an island off the coast somewhere to the north, in which these Druids have their college and from which they came. They call it the Holy Island. They hold that the soul leaves the body at death and continues to live, and they will lend money to be repaid in another life. What do you think of that, for a faith?"

Gaius roared with laughter. "I wish their faith may endure until our troops occupy the

land," he said. "It is very convenient for other people."

Fabius wondered whether the big dandified officer would know more than he did now, after another eight years of service. He probably



would, if he served in Gaul, but Fabius was afraid the Gauls would pay dear for it. He tried another tack.

"From what you say," he began, "they may suppose in Rome that these Allobroges are yielding to us from fear of us. But as I see it, they are wedged in between our territory and the

Rhône and the mountains, and they would rather let us do the fighting against the Teutones and the Kymri and the Helvetii than to try to keep off those invaders all alone by themselves? Don't you see? They're no fools."

The other grunted a half-unwilling assent.

"Something in that."

"And in the mountains," went on Fabius, "there are no good roads, and in the swamps there are no waterways, and in the forests there is no seeing where your enemy is. It is a very different matter, subduing a land like this, from fighting a battle on a treeless plain, or sacking a city. That is why I say it may be cheaper to make allies of these folk than to try to conquer them. Mountain tribes are apt to have a perfectly irrational preference for freedom as against slavery. One of their chiefs told me one day that there is no such thing as a little enemy. That is one of their sayings."

"More oratory," observed his guest with a yawn. "I take all that with a grain of salt."

"A very good rule. The salt in this case is judgment."

"And to-morrow,"—with another and bigger yawn, "I am to see some of these interesting savages?"

"Yes," said Fabius, beckoning to a servant outside the tent to fetch torches to light them

to their beds, "and don't overlook the fact that they will also come to see you."

He had not much faith that the new officer could see any one's side but his own, but it was the duty of the man Gaius replaced to introduce him to those with whom he must deal, and give him such information as he might desire. Fabius knew that it depended on this newcomer, whether the Gaulish tribes within his influence feared and hated the very name of Roman, or welcomed the Roman law and the Roman legion as powerful friends. There was one comfort—whatever was said at the conference next day would have to be said through Fabius as interpreter. Quite a little circle of twinkling fires shone out among the hills around. Each one of them meant that some Gaulish chief or man of influence among the Gauls had come to take the measure of the new Roman official.

On the following day the one armchair was placed for the guest, and Fabius met the visitors as they arrived, and introduced them, one by one. Some of them would not have come at all if they had not considered it a sort of favor to Fabius. He had invited them; therefore they came. It would depend upon what they thought of the new man, whether they ever came again.

Titus was present as aide and secretary, and really saw more of what went on than any



one else. He was a looker-on, and not prejudiced, or distracted by anxiety or suspicion. He could see that under his surface geniality the new official regarded the whole affair as a sort of wild beast show. Also, from his knowledge of their visitors Titus could guess pretty accurately what each one thought of Gaius Furius Camillus.

Among these visitors appeared the young chief of a small tribe in the west, Garo by name; an old chief of a rather important tribe in the north, Adouar by name; his kinsman Alain, a young chief of a neighboring tribe; a beaver hunter named Bibroc who was chief of a swamp village; some envoys from the Arverni and Sequani; a petty chief called Touilou who had come to see Titus; a wealthy Greek merchant named Lycon and his son. Each of them took the measure of the new officer inside of ten minutes. Men who depend on their eyes and ears and instincts instead of on words, learn to sum up a stranger from the tones of his voice, the look in his eye, the lines of his jaw, and the way in which he uses his hands, holds his head, gets up and sits down.

Fabius and Titus both knew when it was all over that the reception had not been exactly a success. Yet in one way, it had been. The Gauls knew now, just what to expect.

Titus was to remain here as junior officer. Fabius was retiring from the army. He had inherited a small estate, and was about to marry Lycon's daughter Zoe. He had no faith that he could go on serving in Gaul under the new rule, but he thought that perhaps he could still be useful as friend and adviser of the Gauls he had learned to know. He was sure that they trusted him, and he and Zoe were to make their home in a Greek colony that was a sort of trading post. He might help the chiefs to hold their people, keep them from rushing blindly on the Roman sword in a mad attempt to drive the legions out of Gaul, instead of waiting and watching. G. Furius Camillus might not last long anyway. Fabius doubted if there were such another misfit for this particular place in the whole Roman army.

He lasted even a shorter time than Fabius had expected. The wily Adouar presently sent messengers begging the help of the Romans against his neighbors the Remi, who were joining with the dreaded Teutones to wipe out him and his tribe. Fabius, knowing Adouar, would have felt sure that, as usual, this was not more than half the truth, and would have made use of private sources of information to find out what the other half was. The new commander, overjoyed at this chance to strike an impressive

blow at the barbarians, allowed himself to be drawn into unknown and unmapped territory. He was suddenly charged on three sides by a vast force of yelling enemy, before whom Adouar's men fled like sheep and vanished like foxes. The legions were fearfully cut up. Only a remnant lived to get back into the familiar land of the Allobroges. Titus, wounded and taken prisoner, found himself in the hands of Adouar, who treated him as a son.

Whatever the effect of a Roman victory on the Gauls might have been, the effect of a Roman defeat was anything but good. When the news reached Rome the recall of Furius followed immediately. Titus, having recovered from his wound, was sent back to his camp, and found the men discouraged, battered, worried and uncertain. He did his best to put heart into them, and in course of time was appointed to be Furius' successor. Then followed peace in that neighborhood.

Fabius meanwhile heard things from one source and another which gave him an idea of the reason why the Romans were so badly mauled. When he and Titus met by chance a year later, he told the young officer that he did not think anything of the kind would happen again. The Gauls had united along the north-eastern frontier and beaten back the Teutones

in one terrific campaign. The enemy had had a lesson now on what the Gauls could do by themselves.

The Gauls learned to trust Titus almost as they did Fabius, which was saying a great deal. Those who did not know the two Roman officers personally had heard of them.

"If the Romans were all like them," said Alain, "some day our country and their country might be all one country."

"If the sky falls we shall catch larks," said Adouar with his disagreeably knowing smile. "When you are old, my son, you will have learned that in every place there are all kinds of men. Me, if I have to deal with the wrong man, I like best one whose tricks I began to learn when I began to talk. I am too old to begin learning new tricks. If you are wise, Alain,—and you have an old head for your age,—you will keep your land for our own folk. Let nobody else into it, do you hear?"

"Unless to walk into a trap," said Alain dryly. He did not care much for the way in which Adouar had drawn the Romans into his country on pretense of friendship, and he had taken no part in the campaign that routed them. He did not, however, consider it his affair to warn the Roman leader, nor did he think it would have done any good if he had.

Alain knew enough of the Roman talk to understand it when he heard it spoken. That day when they all went to pay their respects, he heard what the new official said about him to Fabius. Fabius in repeating the speech had put it into a politer form, but the original words gave the speaker away most completely. This was what Furius had really said:

“By Jove, there would be a fine fellow for the slave market! He would put up a lively fight in the arena! And that yellow mane of his, of the true golden tint—did I tell you, yellow wigs are all the style now with the women? Ask the big brute where his home is, and if his tribe are all as fine a breed of cattle as he, and how many of them he could bring to serve in our legions.”

That speech cost more lives than the speaker ever had it in his power to sacrifice again. He never knew it, but Titus knew, and it made him very careful what he said and did. There is nothing which in the end is likely to be more expensive than despising other people.



## XXI

### THE LETTER THE WISE MAN WROTE

IT was a beautiful day in spring. Nowhere had the day dawned in more beauty than in a little nook of the hills in one of the wildest parts of Gaul. Here lived a man whom his neighbors called their wise man. Everybody was his neighbor for miles around. They came to him in any doubt or trouble, and did exactly as he told them. Sometimes he could not help them much, but he never pretended to do more than he could really do.

Pir, the swineherd's boy, had never seen this wise man and perhaps never would, if unusual things had not taken place in the tiny village where he lived. This was in an even wilder part of the hills than that where the hut of the Wise Man was. It was the home of a few families crowded in there by stronger neighbors, and living by themselves, according to what they could remember of their old religion and law. Some of their customs were cruel and many were foolish, but the people had come to feel that they must be very careful to obey, or something terrible would happen to them. In their

valley the trees were so thick and the hills so steep and high that not much sunshine could get in. Perhaps that had something to do with their grim, gloomy, unsociable ways. Theirs was among the very last villages in that part of Gaul to keep up the custom of human sacrifices at certain times of the year. The custom was not always observed, but there had been times when the priests saw fit to revive it.

Everybody feared the chief priest, a very old Druid. Lately some of the men had begun to feel that they would like to get away and live more like other people, if they only dared; but no one wanted to be the first to dare.

Pir did not feel sure that he was doing just right as he trotted along the narrow trail that led to the Wise Man's hut. He was not old enough to know much about the customs of his village, but he was deadly afraid of the Priest of the Oak, as all the rest were. He knew that the aged Druid would not like it if he heard that Pir had consented to take a message from the Prisoner of the Oak to the Wise Man. The Prisoner of the Oak had done a dreadful thing. He had cut a limb off the sacred tree. His life must pay for it. His life would go into the tree's life so that it would not die.

Pir felt rather sorry for the man, he could not say why. He was a stranger and perhaps did

not know their customs. He said he was a runaway captive of the Teutones who had been taken in war and was trying to get back to his own people. He had broken his spear shaft and was intending to make a new one out of the bough of the oak. He had no idea that it was against any law.

He had hoped to reach the Wise Man and ask his help; they belonged to the same clan when they were at home. This made Pir think it would be best to take the message. If anything happened to the Wise Man's kinfolk it might be as bad as any other kind of bad luck. It was known that more than once advice from him had kept ill luck away. Pir trotted on, soberly.

He came at last to the cleared glade in the forest where the hut was. He knew it at once. It was quite unlike the dwellings in his valley or any other in that region.

It was surrounded by logs set up close together in a wall, enclosing a garden, and in the middle of the garden was a house built in the same way and the roof tiled. A little pure spring bubbled in a stone basin. The gates were open, and just inside sat the Wise Man on a camp stool, with a long roll of something like peeled bark on his knees. It was a Roman book, but Pir had never seen such a thing. The Wise Man's hair was white, he had no beard, and his

face was kind and not much wrinkled. Pir halted a little way off, staring.

“What do you wish, my boy?” asked the Wise Man, in Pir’s own talk; they said he knew the speech of scores of different villages. “Do not be afraid; come in.” Very cautiously Pir came through the gate.

The garden was full of strange things. There were in it lettuce, cress, mallow, mustard, mint, fennel, and other herbs for salad; asparagus, lentils, beets, cabbages, carrots, onions, radishes, peas and other vegetables; fruit trees all in blossom, shrubs in neat rows; rosebushes; grapevines trained over a little booth. Pigeons cooed and fluttered about the Wise Man’s feet, and a great dog lay sleeping there in the sun, which lifted his head and sniffed at Pir, but did not growl.

Pir told his story. He ended:

“This man said, ‘If you will tell Fabius where I am and say that I am his old playmate he will not refuse to help me. Tell him it is Bull-head, who lived in the next house when we were children.’ He wept as he said it, and repeated it many times. Are you Fabius?”

The Wise Man was certainly surprised at this message. His brows came together in a puzzled frown; his mouth shut firmly. He did not answer for a minute or two.

"Yes," he said at last. "I am Fabius. I know the man. I do not see how he came to be away up here. I thought he had gone back to Rome. And I did not know there were any priests hereabouts who still sacrificed men to the gods."

"We don't," explained Pir. "It is the oak—the sacred oak. His blood will heal the wound he made in it."

"When are they going to kill him?"

"At the Tree Festival. That is to-morrow."

"We have not much time," muttered Fabius. He stood up and took his staff and the round felt hat which lay on a bench, girded up his mantle, went into the house and spoke to some one, and came out with a light basket slung over his shoulder. Then he and Pir set off together.

Pir found somewhat to his surprise that it was all he could do to keep up with the Wise Man. The old man was not so very old after all. As they swung along, up hill and down, Fabius began asking questions. He found out how all the huts and enclosures were placed, and where the sacred oak was, and how the prisoner was secured. He was bound to the trunk of the oak with strong ropes, and could not move hand or foot. He had been fed, because a starved man would be of no use in nourishing the tree. He would not be killed at



once. It would be done very slowly. Pir knew exactly what would happen, and described it in detail. He did not think that the Prisoner of the Oak understood very well what his punishment would be.

The oak was a very old one, and it had once been struck by lightning. It stood apart from the village, in a glade by itself. They reached the neighborhood before moonrise. All was still.

Fabius put down the basket he carried, and gave Pir food from it, taking some himself. From his wallet he took a small metal case containing two or three tapers of a kind that would burn a long time. Pir had explained that his father sent him to tell the Wise Man what was about to take place. His father was one of the men in the village who did not like the idea of killing the Roman prisoner. Even in this valley, so shut away from the world, there was a dim idea of the power of Rome. Some of the men were afraid that by killing a Roman the village would get into serious trouble.

"Get some coals from the hearth fire in your father's house, quietly," said Fabius, "and bring them out here in a covered bowl or a basket of earth. I see the oak over there, do I not?"

Pir nodded and stole away as quietly as a shadow. Even in the starlight the huge tree

loomed against the sky so that no one could mistake it. When the boy came back, with the coals safely buried in a bed of ashes in an earthen pot, Fabius lit one of his tapers and went softly toward the tree.

As he hoped, the strained ears of the prisoner caught the little rustle in the grass, and his eager eyes were watching the tiny point of light coming toward him in the dark. He made no sound as Fabius cut the bonds that fastened him and helped him get on his stiffened legs and move away.

When they reached the place where the basket had been unpacked, Fabius told the boy to give the rescued man food and wine, and wait there until he came back. Then he went swiftly toward the oak, and gathered dry leaves, twigs and grass as he went, collecting a bundle. He also gathered up the pieces of the cut rope, tidily collecting every scrap, and stuffed all this into the hollow in the trunk of the tree. After busying himself there for some little time he went back to Pir and the released victim, and picked up the hamper.

"Come," he said, "Gaius, you and I will be off. And you, my boy, go home and go to bed, and be sound asleep to-morrow morning when the rest of the village wakes. You may tell your father that I said you were a brave boy,

and that I hope he will come and see me soon, and bring you."

Gaius and his friend had gone some distance before either of them spoke. The moon was rising, and Fabius was shocked when he saw how haggard and wild the man looked. He did not wonder at it. He was glad that before leaving, he had told his servant to go and catch their donkey and bring the animal along the trail they had followed, to a certain landmark rock, and wait there. It was well that he did, for Gaius could hardly have walked further. He tried to thank his friend, and Fabius told him curtly to say no more about it, but save his breath for his climbing.

They had reached the top of a ridge, and the sky was growing lighter with the dawn, when a flame burst out in the distance, and soared up fierce and red against the sky. A faint, far sound of shouting came on the morning wind.

Fabius smiled grimly.

"I do not understand," said Gaius when he had had some sleep, and was looking a little less like a walking skeleton, "why they did not pursue me. If you had seen that fierce old priest—They can follow a trail like hunting dogs."

"They had something else to think of," said Fabius. "I filled the hollow of the old oak with

dry leaves and twigs, the fragments of your rope, some dry wood and rushes, and poured the best part of a bottle of olive oil over the whole mass. Then I arranged a slow match so that it would set fire to the fuel just before it was time for the village to awake to its daily occupations. Judging by what I saw about daylight the whole inside of the tree must have blazed up at once. It was partly dead, and the upper branches would burn nicely. By the time they began to wonder where you had gone, that heavy rain came up and washed out our tracks—and we walked in the brook for some distance, if you remember. In any case, so long as we reached my house in safety I should not have been afraid of anything such a mob could do. I have friends all through this countryside. But that old priest and his adherents ought to be suppressed.”

After awhile, Gaius told his story. In one of the expeditions against the wild tribes he had been taken captive, and dragged about from one place to another, perhaps as a hostage, until he had contrived to escape. He had nearly starved and frozen in wandering in the forest, but had heard of a wise old man living alone in this region, and from the description felt sure it must be a Roman, probably his former friend. He was trying to find his way to Fabius when

he made the mistake which so nearly cost him his life.

"Titus ought to know what you have told me," Fabius said when the story was finished. "I do not believe he has any news about the war in the mountains. And it is time that sacrifices of the kind they seem to make in that village were ended once and for all. I wonder if I can get word to him? His legion—that was once our own—cannot be so very far from here. I should like to see him again."

"You have not told me," ventured Gaius, "how you came to be living here by yourself."

"It is a simple story. After my wife went to the gods I did not care to stay in the home she made for me, and I came here, where in clear weather I can see the western ocean from that hill over there. Do you know that these Gauls believe that the souls of the dead go west, to a fortunate island somewhere beyond the sunset? Zoe always liked that thought. I made for myself an estate here, and I show my neighbors something of Roman ways of living, teach our language to the children, tell them stories of the gods. I think they love me a little."

Gaius was sure of it as he watched and listened,—it took months for him to get back his strength. Every day some bright-eyed, quick-spoken Gaulish child came with a message or an



offering—wild fruit, fish, sometimes only a handful of flowers—and listened to old rhymes and tales that he and Fabius had known in Rome when they were children. And one day Pir came with his father.

“We came on ahead to warn you,” said the boy, in a rather scared tone. “Some one said that we had better ask the Wise Man what happened that day the sacred oak was burned, and whether the gods are angry. I think half the village is on the way.”

“You had better go in the house, Gaius,” said his host. “I am going to put the fear of the gods into these people.”

They all came streaming up the path an hour or so later—priest and all. The fierce old Druid was afraid for once,—afraid not to come.

Fabius met them calmly, just as he had met so many angry, frightened, shy, or blustering savages in the years that were past, and won them to reason by his wise, gentle, sympathetic or unexpected suggestions. He addressed his questions to the men who seemed to have kept their heads, and got from them an account of the capture of the stranger and their council and decision. Then came the story of his mysterious disappearance and the more mysterious sudden kindling of the oak, without a cloud in the sky or a person anywhere about.

They had searched the whole belt of woodland without finding a trace of the stranger, not even his bonds. Did Fabius know of any god who might have been enraged by their doings?

Fabius appeared to be thinking.

"You know," he said at last, "that our great god of war is Mars. It may be your own god under another name, perhaps. But he is the especial friend of the Roman people. He is the god of fire also; the lightning we call the bolts of the gods. Did you ever find a thunder-bolt?"

The little flint arrowheads and spearheads made by forgotten races were called thunderbolts by the Romans. They had also observed the fall of meteorites. Fabius had himself found one, hot to the touch when he picked it up. It was pure iron—the metal of the god Mars. What did the villagers think?

They did a good deal of thinking in the next hour. They thought that the Roman god Mars must have come to protect his own, and had set fire to their oak as a sign of his wrath. They went home considerably scared and subdued.

Pir and his father stayed behind.

"I am too old," said the man, "but I wish my boy could know something of your people, if they are wise like you."

An idea came to Fabius.

"Some of them are encamped almost exactly south of here," he said. "May Pir take a letter from me to their chief?"

"A letter—what is that?"

Fabius did not find it easy to explain.



"I will show you," he said. Then he remembered that he had not a scrap of parchment or paper except his precious books.

But that need not stop his writing. He whittled out two flat pieces of beech wood, thin, smooth, six or eight inches across, with a flat depression in the middle and a raised border,

like the frame of a slate. He whittled out a little pointed stick, with the blunt end flattened. The Gauls watched him curiously. He melted some wax in a basin over a brazier and spread it evenly over the flat surface of each tablet, and let it harden. Then he took the pointed stick, which he called a stylus, and scratched the wax with it, making tiny marks in even rows. Once or twice he rubbed out a mark with the flat end of the stylus, and made it over again. When the wax on both tablets was covered with the droll little marks, he laid them together, the writing inside, and wrapped them in a piece of linen, and tied the parcel with a cord. He took a small brush, and some red paint in a little bowl, and made more of the queer marks on the linen. He heated some red gummy wax, and dropped it in splashes and blobs over the knot of the cord and on the cord and linen, and pressed the stone in his ring down on each of these lumps of wax, making a pattern. The idea was plain to both Pir and his father. No one could get the packet open and tie it up again; that would show. Fabius did not really expect that in this case, any one would; but he wanted them to see how the thing could be done, and understand it.

He gave the packet to Pir and told him it was for Titus Macer, the chief of the Roman camp.

If Titus were no longer there, it would be all right to give the letter to any Roman officer in command. He made Pir repeat over and over, two or three times, the name of Titus and the Roman words for "camp," "officer" and "letter." He also told the boy that any Romans in that region would probably know the name Fabius, and that he was to call himself a messenger from Fabius. If he delivered the packet safely he would get a reward from the Romans, probably, but if he did not, Fabius would see that he got one when he came back with the answer.

It all seemed rather like magic to Pir, but he put the parcel carefully in the breast of his tunic and went. He could not read or write, and he knew nothing about most of the tools and arts of civilization, but a journey of several days down a strange river and into unknown country, with no money and hardly any food, was quite simple to him. He could handle his dugout in any sort of stream, and if it had been wrecked he could swim, or he could make a raft of two logs. He could make a fire with a piece of flint and his knife and some dry rotten wood, and he could eat food raw if he could not stop to cook it. He knew what kind of wood to select for any particular kind of fire, or for any other use, such as sandal soles or arrow shafts.



He could tell by the sun how long it would be before dark, and he knew the tracks of all the different wild things that lived in the woods. At a pinch, he could make any garment he wore out of the skin of some animal he had himself killed, or make any weapon he could use, even a knife. He might therefore, perhaps, be called a boy of education.

He reached the Roman camp and found Titus, without any especial trouble, and saw more new ways of doing things than he had known there were. The Romans were making a road and building a bridge and a barrack. After two or three days Titus sent him back with a letter to Fabius, and later came himself to visit his old friend. Most of the people in Pir's village, many years later, left their valley and settled in a more fertile place, and learned to worship the gods of the Gauls in new temples, under Roman laws. Pir himself at last became chief. In time, all Gaul was a Roman Province.

END

## FRANCE HATH A CHARM

France hath a charm to win the homeless heart,—  
Her very stones of her long wisdom speak,  
Chateau, cathedral, dolmen, trading mart,  
A world built on a greater world antique.

Yet living on her hundred-hallowed ground,  
Her torch of destiny burning clear and true,  
Her children bless her, and the wide world round  
Has yielded her that fame which is her due.

France hath a charm—yet who can learn aright  
The magic whereby all her loves are won?—  
The breath of lilies on a summer night,  
A martyred saint beneath the cruel sun,

The kindling splendor of an oriflamme,  
The stinging trumpets of the Marseillaise,  
A daily speech that is a cryptogram,  
Each word a shifting color, phrase by phrase.

France hath a charm, O children of to-day,—  
The singing of an old immortal rhyme  
Born of lost minstrels, brought from far away  
In the migrations of an unknown time.

She has heard many chieftains' battle call,  
The song of all her mothers by their fire.  
Celt, Greek, Iberian, Teuton, Roman, Gaul,  
She is the land of every man's desire.



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It will be understood that these books are not to be considered as equally authoritative, and they do not of course comprise nearly all the works touching on the early history of Gaul.





## GLOSSARY

**Abonde** (a-bond') a water-nymph; one of the people of Mapon, the Gaulish god of the waters.

**Adouar** (ad'-oo-ar) name of a chief of the Gaulish tribe, called by Cæsar the Ædui.

**Ægina** (e-ji'-na) island and ancient town of Greece.

**Æsona** (e'-so-na) name of a chieftainess of a Gaulish tribe living near the Aisne. The ancient name of this river was the Axona. The syllables æs, es or esk signify flowing water.

**Alain** (al'-an) Gaulish name meaning a wolf-hound.

**Alban** (al'-ban) Mount, the present Monte Cavo, near Rome, the religious centre of Latium in pre-Roman times.

**Allobroges** (al-lob'-ro-jēs) a Gaulish tribe occupying the part of France now known as Savoy and Dauphiny.

**Alouit** (al-oo-it') skylark; a national bird of the Gauls.

**Amphipolis** (am-fip'-o-lis) a city of Macedonia built on a site almost surrounded by a river; the name is from polis, city, and amphi, around.

**Apollo** (a-pol'-o) the Roman sun-god.

**Ar-fearann** (ar-fear'-an) land of high places, the prehistoric name of Auvergne, the country of the tribe called by Cæsar the Arverni.

**Ar-mor** (ar-mor') land by the sea, called by the Romans Armorica; the modern Brittany.

**Arnyon** (arn-yon) Celtic name, possibly meaning a man of the valley.

**Arzon** (ar-zone') Celtic name, perhaps meaning one from the slow-flowing river.

- Astarte** (as-tar'-te) Greek name for Ashtoreth, a goddess of the Phœnicians. Her sacred animal was the cow, and she is usually represented with two horns; sometimes associated with moon-worship.
- Athene** (a-the'-ne) Greek goddess of wisdom and patroness of Athens.
- Belen** (bel'-en) one of the principal gods of the Gauls, perhaps corresponding to Apollo. The Romans were so eager to prove that the native gods were really the same as their own under other names, that theories of this kind should be taken with a grain of salt.
- Belgæ** (bel'-je) the name given by Cæsar to the Gaulish tribes dwelling between the Seine and the Rhine.
- Bibroc** (be'-broc) beaver. Bibracte means Beaver Town.
- Biniou** (bin-e-oo') a Breton bagpipe.
- Briou** (bre-oo') active, lively.
- Brital** (bre-tal') brindled.
- Brosso** (bros'-so) rough, bristly.
- Cano** (cä'-no) Roman name.
- Carnutes** (car-nu'-tes) a tribe of Gauls occupying the country between the Seine and the Loire.
- Cartagena** (kar-ta-je'-na) a town in Spain founded by the Phœnicians in the third century B. C. and named by them New Carthage.
- Carthage**, see Kir-artha.
- Carthago**, Roman name for Carthage or Kir-artha.
- Celt** (kelt) a stone or bronze weapon which gave its name to the tribes using it. The Celtic races inhabited parts of Ireland, Scotland, Wales, England, and the western countries of the Continent of Europe.
- Chartres** (shar'-tr) a city in France, on the site of a chief town of the Carnutes.
- Corinth** (cor'-inth) a city in Greece.

**Corniche** (cor-neesh') the ancient road through southern Gaul leading from Spain to Italy.

**Crantas** (cran'-tas) Greek name.

**Crozan** (cro-zan') Breton name, perhaps from *Caer-saon*, the town by the still river.

**Didrachm** (di-dracm') a silver coin of Greece worth two drachmas of Greek coinage, or about the same as a silver shekel. The drachma was about the size of a twenty-five cent piece, and has been called "the ancestor of the modern shilling." It is impossible to say what the values of ancient coins were in dollars and cents, because the purchasing power of silver and gold has changed from time to time.

**Dokke** (dok'-e) a duck.

**Dolmen** from *dol-maen*, table-stone, a prehistoric monument consisting of a group of huge stones set erect and covered by a single large flat stone, forming a niche or cell.

**Drac**, a water-demon of Celtic folk-lore.

**Druid** (dru'-id) from *der-oid*, priest of the oak; a priest of the ancient faith in which sun-worship and tree-worship, especially ceremonies connected with the oak, were important. Britain was sometimes called the Isle of Druids, or the Holy Island, since it was there that the college of this priesthood existed for many generations.

**Dun** (doon) hill. A-down meant "from the hill" originally, and in time the first syllable was dropped.

**Dur** (door) river; a root found in such names as *Adur*, *Douro*, *Durham*, etc.

**Dur-dune** (door-dune') the fort by the river; the Romans called it *Duriodunum*, which in time became *Dordogne*.

**Enamel** (e-nam'-el) to coat a metal or earthen surface with a mineral substance, usually partly transparent and often brilliantly colored, by fusing the minerals composing the coating and covering the surface with them in liquid form. The art is a very old one and was known in Gaul. Some especially fine enamel work found in museums was done by processes the secret of which has been lost. This was the case with some of the mediæval Limoges enamels.

**Fabius** (fa'-bi-us) one of a distinguished Roman family, one of the most ancient patrician stocks. Many famous members of this family figured in history, notably Quintus Fabius Maximus Cunctator, opponent of Hannibal, from whose policy of "wearing out" the enemy by delay we get the phrase "Fabian tactics."

**Fade** (fäde) in Celtic folk-lore, a sprite, or fay; a being similar in size and aspect to human beings, but of supernatural character.

**Finistère** (fin-is-tare') Land's end; western extremity of Gaul.

**Gafo** (gä'-fo) Gaulish name.

**Gaius Furius Camillus** (gay'-us fu'-ri-us ca-mil'lus) Roman name.

**Garö** (gä'-ro) violent, impetuous.

**Garavon** (gar-a-von') rough water. The Romans called the Garavon Garumnus, which has become Garonne.

**Gnome** (nome) one of a fabled race of dwarfs living underground, guarding mines and working in metals.

**Going West.** A tradition seems to have existed among the Gauls that the dead go to a fortunate island in the west. Some have taken this as evidence that there once existed a powerful island kingdom named Atlantis, which was at some remote time destroyed

by a volcanic convulsion, the tops of its highest mountains now forming the Azores. According to this theory the oldest European races may have been colonists of Atlantis or otherwise acquainted with its people, and this catastrophe perhaps the origin of the nearly universal tradition of a flood in which "all mankind" was destroyed except a few who escaped in a ship.

**Gysa** (ge'-sa) Celtic name.

**Helvetii** (hel-ve'-she-i) tribe inhabiting Switzerland.

**Hermes** (her'-mes) Greek god of eloquence, learning and traffic; the Roman Mercury.

**Hoel** (ho'-el) Breton name.

**Iberia** (i-be'-ri-a) ancient name of Spain.

**Ides** in the Roman calendar, a day occurring about the middle of the month.

**Ionian** (i-o'-ni-an) belonging to the Ionian islands, a chain of about forty islands west and south of Greece.

**Jove** (jōve) the Roman god Jupiter, ruler of the gods.

**Jongleur** (zhon-glur') a wandering minstrel or mountebank, sometimes an acrobat, giving a kind of vaudeville show. The word juggler comes from this term.

**Kappa** (kap'pa) the Greek letter k.

**Kervan** (ker-van') Breton name. Ker, Car or Caer is the Celtic word for town; van may refer to the tribe.

**Kir-artha** (keer-art'-ha) meaning New City; a Phoenician trading and manufacturing colony in northern Africa which grew into the city known as Carthago or Carthage.

**Kobold** (ko'-bold) in German folk-lore, an earth-spirit: a gnome.

**Kymri** (kim'-ri) or Cimbri, a tribe which with the Teutones invaded Gaul from the east.

**Laricq** (la-rik') Breton name.



**Legion** a Roman military body consisting at different times of from 4,500 to 6,000 soldiers.

**Leon** (le'-on) Greek name.

**Loic** (lo'-ic) Breton name.

**London Pride**, the sweet-william (*Dianthus barbatus*).

This name has also been given to a variety of saxifrage, but the sweet-william is probably the flower used in Druid ceremonies, on account of its resemblance to the sun surrounded by rays.

**Loup-garou** (loo-ga-roo') a werewolf; a fabulous being supposed to be able to shed his or her skin and take on the nature and appearance of a wolf.

**Loutré** (loo-tray') otter.

**Lutin** (lu'-tan) merry, elf-like.

**Lycon** (li'-kon) Greek name.

**Mab**, a fairy queen; diminutive of Mabonde.

**Mabonde** (ma-bond') or **Habonde**, forms of **Abonde** (q. v.).

**Machay** (mä-shay') supposed to be the Gaulish way of pronouncing the Roman name **Macer**.

**Macer** (mä'-kere) Roman name.

**Mapon** (ma-pon') Gaulish god of the waters.

**Mars**, Roman god of war.

**Massilia** (mas-si'-li-a) Latin name for the Greek city now called **Marseilles**.

**Massaliot** (mas-sa'-li-ot) inhabitant of **Massilia**.

**May Tree**, prehistoric form of the maypole; probably connected with worship of the spirit of vegetable life.

**Mel-dune** (mel-dune') the hill fort; Latin **Melodunum**, modern French **Mélun**. A chief was usually called by the name of his chief town, like a modern nobleman.

**Melusine** (mel-u-seen') a water-spirit of mediæval legend.

**Menec** (me-nec') Breton name.

- Menhir** (man-heer') from Celtic maen-hir, long stone; a monument consisting of one huge stone standing upright like an obelisk.
- Moloch** (mo'-lok) a god of the Phœnicians to whom human sacrifices were offered; also called Molech, Milcom, Baal, or Melkarth.
- Monaco** (mon'-a-co) a principality on the Mediterranean coast of France near the Italian border.
- Nam-Is** (nam-is') a Gaulish name.
- Naomhait** (nam-et') name of the sacred place of the Druid worship; Nymet.
- Narbonne** (nar-bon') a region in France near the Garonne and on the road to Spain, called by the Romans Narbo Martius.
- Nemausus** (ne-maw'-sus) Roman form of Nymet or Naomhait, q. v.
- Nîmes** (neem) city in France on the site of the ancient Nymet or Nemausus.
- Nivo** (ne'-vo) Gaulish name.
- Octopod** (oc'-to-pod) cuttle-fish, devil-fish, or octopus; "the eight-footed one."
- Oriflamme** (or'-i-flam) the ancient banner of the French.
- Orpine** (or'-pin) a plant of the stonecrop or live-forever family, used in ancient ceremonies; Latin name auripigmentum, golden paint. Its use by the Druids may be due to its vitality; the plant is almost impossible to kill except by uprooting and burning; or it may have been used for a yellow pigment, as the Roman name seems to suggest.
- Pen-broc** (pen-broc') Breton name, from pen, head, and broc, a badger.
- Pegasus** (peg'-a-sus) a fabulous winged horse of Greek myth.
- Peron** (per-on') hairy, rough-coated.

Phœnician (fee-nish'-an) native of Phœnicia, an ancient Semitic country bordering on Palestine; its chief cities were Tyre and Sidon.

Pir (peer) a rock.

Pitou (pe-too') Gaulish name.

Plautus (plaw-tus) a famous comic poet and playwright of Rome, 254-184 B. C. He wrote more than one hundred plays, of which only about twenty now exist.

Pol, Gaulish name.

Provence (pro-vance') a region in southern France through which the river Rhône flows, called by the Romans Provincia or the Province because it was the first part of Gaul which they conquered.

Punic (pu'-nic) Roman name for Phœnician.

Puy (pwe) a cone-shaped hill of volcanic origin; applied to the mountains of Auvergne.

Pyrenees (pir'-e-nees) the range of mountains between France and Spain; so called perhaps from the ancient Basque word pyrge, a peak.

Quoits, a game played with a flat circular piece of iron with a hole in the middle, which the player endeavors to throw over a stake driven into the ground, a given distance away. The sport is very old.

Remi (ra-me) a Gaulish tribe living near the present Rheims.

Rhine, that which runs.

Rhodope (ro'-do-pe) Greek name.

Rhodes (rōdz) ancient Greek city, capital of the island state of the same name.

Rhône (rōne) that which runs, especially that which runs rapidly a word allied to the verbs run and rain, and the names of the rivers Rhine, Riga, Rye and Rea.

Roundel (roun'-del) a dance performed in a circle, hand in hand, common to many very old ceremonies and

festivals, and now surviving in various games and folk-dances.

Sabine (sa'-bine) an ancient people of central Italy, with whom the Romans early intermarried.

Sacred Oak, some particular tree of that species, usually a very old and large specimen, around which local Druid ceremonies took place in each tribe or town.

Saint John's Wort, a plant (*Hypericum perforatum*) used in Druid ceremonies. It blossoms at about Midsummer day, and has yellow flowers. Under the rule of the Christian Church the old festival of Midsummer was suppressed in part, and the day renamed the feast of St. John the Baptist; but many of the old customs survived in popular observance, and Midsummer Eve was traditionally a time when supernatural beings had especial power.

Saône (sōn) the still river, from saon, that which flows quietly; a river in northern France flowing into the Rhône.

Seine (sane) a river in northern France; the name is probably from the same root, with the same meaning, as Saône.

Sequani (sa'-qua-ne) Roman name for the people of the Seine.

Shaphan (shap-han') marten; sometimes spelled sapan or span. Spain was called by the Phœnicians the land of martens, from the abundance of these animals.

Stater (sta'-ter) an ancient gold coin. The gold stater was the standard gold coin of ancient Greece. The coin mentioned in the story is the silver stater.

Sun Feast, the great prehistoric winter festival, celebrating the lengthening of the days, and occurring at about the time of Christmas.

Terence (ter'ence) Publius Terentius Afer, a Roman

- comic poet. He was born 195 B. C. at Carthage, and became the slave of the Roman senator Terentius, who educated and freed him. Six of his comedies still exist.
- Teutones (tu-to'-nes) an ancient tribe inhabiting Germany.
- Thatch, a roof-covering made by binding together reeds, grass or rushes in close bundles, which are then tied to the roof-timbers in overlapping rows.
- Tiber (ti'-ber) the river on which Rome is situated.
- Titus (ti'-tus) a Roman given name.
- Troll (trōl) in Scandinavian legends, an earth-spirit skilled in metal-work; in very old myths a giant, in later ones a dwarf or gnome.
- Troubadour (troo'-ba-door) a member of a mediæval association of minstrels and poets, some of high rank; a wandering singer who composed his own songs. A troubadour was of higher type than a minstrel or jongleur, being a man of original talent and sometimes of genius.
- Turan (tu-ran') Gaulish name.
- Turre (tur'-re) Gaulish name.
- Tyrian purple, a very rare crimson dye obtained from a certain shell-fish; a practical monopoly of the Phœnician traders.
- Undine (un'-deen) a water-spirit in German legend.
- Uur-ohso (oor-o'-so) the European bison; the aurochs.
- Vervain (ver'-vain) a plant used in Druid ceremonies and in folk-lore connected with magic; sometimes referred to as "holy vervain." The name is from French ver-veine, this from Latin ver-bena, the blessed bough, or rather plant. The purple vervain grows wild in both Europe and America, and was considered to have great virtue as a medicinal herb in mediæval times.
- Vesta (ves'-ta) Roman goddess of home.
- Zoe (zo'-e) Greek name.



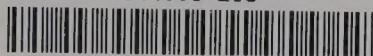


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